THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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DAVITT DENOUNCES

The Flunkey Project of Establishing a "Royal" Residence in Ireland, Which Would be a Costly and Perfectly Useless Luxury.

Able Review by the Veteran Patriot of the Reasons Why the Irish People Want Nothing Whatever to do with the Hoggish House of Hanover.

Michael Davitt thus expresses Irish public opinion on the question of a royal residence in Ireland, in the Westminster Gazette of Sept. 25:

With the expected publication of her majesty's message to Lord Cadogan, the well-advertised and well-organized royal visit to Ireland is numbered with past events. The government has given the "retort courteous" to the Irish Nationalist declarations and attitude on the occasion of the diamond jubilee, and the whole British press, with Irish Unionist organs chiming in, are singing the praises of "Irish loyalty," and urging in a chorus of wondrous unanimity, "Give Ireland a royal residence." All this is very edifying, and it will seem like striking a jarring note in this journalistic song of triumph over Irish Nationalism for me to ask, "What, after all, has this visit of royalty to Ireland accomplished, and what is expected from the Irish people as a consequence of adding the expense of a royal residence to the existing extravagance of Irish misgovernment?"

To contend, as the special correspondents have loyally done, that Irish Nationalists joined with Irish Unionists in manifesting "their loyalty," is on the face of it only a pleasing fiction. Not a single public body in Ireland of a distinctive Nationalist character took any part whatever in the functions associated with the visit. The corporation of Ireland's capital city declined to present an address of welcome, and has since then virtually granted one of the handsomest sites in Dublin for a statue of—Wolfe Tone. The general feeling among the people was one of passive indifference, tempered by some natural curiosity. They rightly made no hostile display. Any discourtesy of the kind would have been under all the circumstances unseemly and uncalled for on the part of those who want the world and his wife to become acquainted with and to admire the gems of scenic beauty with which nature has richly endowed their country. But, why, may I ask, is this attitude of a characteristically hospitable nation termed "loyalty?"

In Ireland loyalty spells Unionism—something you have to pay back for being allowed to rule the roost in government offices, law, land and anything else worth having. It is the feeling of gratitude toward England for securing the rule of the minority over "the mere Irish" majority. Its roots are in the selfish instincts of a class bred to feel and pay, in a kind of Janissarian spirit, the price of their protection—that and nothing more. Hence the fact that possibly half a million of the million of pro-British residents in Ireland were convincing the traveling correspondents of English and Scottish papers from Kingstown to Belfast that all the country was participating in the series of loyalist demonstrations which was carefully arranged for the occasion.

Take, however, the mass of Ireland's population, those who have made and will continue to make England's difficulties in their own country so long as their national demands are denied. You, at least, will admit that there are no grounds or reasons why "Unionist" loyalty, such as I have defined, should assert a violent hold upon the political affections of a quick-witted and imaginative race like ours. There is, however, the higher kind of loyalty, the imperial sentiment, for not sharing which with other parts of the empire you (in a friendly spirit, I admit) lectured Irish Nationalists a short time ago. But what is this sentiment? Does it grow or should it grow in all the minds within the radius of England's dominance, irrespective of government conditions and circumstances? Are the people of Connemara, for instance, to feel and hold it like, say, the people of Canada, as voiced so eloquently by Sir Wilfred Laurier? Is loyalty not a conditional part of the social contract between government and governed—a reciprocated feeling of mutual trust for mutual defense and support of national rights and interests? No right-minded citizen could refuse the obligation of loyalty to the chosen sovereign or the head of a State, who would be the cementing symbol of his country's liberty and of the political and civic freedom of his fellow citizens. Loyalty in such a case would be but the natural and rational complement of liberties secured and of rights maintained, to the advantage of the people ruled. But in instances in which the civic obligation of loyalty is not earned of the people, where the head of the State is the symbol of a predominant power and not of the national will, where the very term loyalty is made to mean an anti-National feeling, how can you, in reason or commonsense, look for or expect your simple sentiment to take hold of the popular mind?

It is said, and, of course, with truth that the royal family have no responsibility in the matter of Ireland's government, and are powerless in the application of political remedies. It is also contended that this fact, coupled with the widely recognized family and social virtues of the sovereign and her children, ought to beget among all classes of Irishmen a kindred feeling to that which the British people manifest toward the queen and her household. But why and wherefore? The rooted influences of political human nature remain to be considered. It was not on account of the non-interference of royalty in the Canadian government or in recognition of her majesty's domestic and womanly record on the throne that the premier of the Dominion came across the Atlantic in June to voice so eloquently the loyalty of the Canadian people. No. It was, as he had the courage to say again and again, because his country possessed the rights of nationhood, and was endowed and secured in the proud privilege of guiding its own destinies. This is why Sir Wilfrid Laurier played so prominent a part in the event of June last, and the politicians and journalists who applauded his utterances, knowing, as they must do, from whence the fervor of his Imperialism arose, speak and write about this royal visit as if a government of Canada from Downing street and a royal residence at Ottawa would have produced just the same stamp of jubilee Laurier, had Canadian home rule been denied, as in Ireland.

A royal residence in Ireland will please a section of the population—the classes who are already a "loyalist garrison." It will hold out a prospect of more knighthoods to leading Unionists who want handles to their names, and it will, I admit, help some milliners, give employment to a few more domestic servants, and breed a higher class of flunkeys than those who now pay homage at the Brummagem Court of the Viceregal Lodge. It will add, possibly, a hundred thousand pounds to the cost of ruling the country, and this sum will be put down as being spent for the benefit of Ireland. Beyond this the latest remedy for the cure of Irish discontent at English rule will accomplish nothing. Royalty no longer possesses the attractions with which the attribute of power once endowed it in the popular mind. It has lost all its political influence in the State.

Much has been made in recent English writings about O'Connell's demonstrative loyalty on the occasion of the visit to Ireland of the fourth of the Georges, which earned for the great Liberator the merited castigation given in Byron's "Avatar." But there was at least an explanation of O'Connell's proceedings in the fact that the court then wielded comparative power with both ministers and parliament, and something was expected for Ireland in return for this public exhibition of obsequious loyalty on the part of a leader struggling against a host of adverse influences. Today the shadow of Sir Henry Howarth is more than enough to deny English royalty the smallest exercise of that clemency towards political prisoners which in no court in Europe from that of Russia to Spain would be denied by minister or government.

No Irish Nationalist thinks it a grievance on, or a slight to, Ireland to be without a royal residence. Our aspirations are not to be satisfied by regal pageants, and we believe that there is not, and never has been, any real desire on the part of any member of the royal family to take up a position in Ireland which must necessarily become one of a political character. Pray therefore allow the parties most concerned in this latest patent proposal for the solution of your troubles in Ireland to remain of one mind in this matter. Take Sir Wilfrid Laurier rather than Mr. Gerald Balfour as your political Mentor, and keep your royal residences where they are pleasing all round. Any other course will simply add one more to the innumerable blunders made by Englishmen in their hopeless attempts to govern Ireland against the will of her people.

PARIS '98 CENTENARY MEETING.

A meeting for the purpose of forming the nucleus of a '98 centenary organization in France was held on Monday, the 27th ult., at the office of L'Irlande Libre, 6 Rue des Martyrs, Paris. Miss Maud Gonne, who was in the chair, read correspondence regarding the '98 committees already established, and said that she felt sure that the Irish in Paris and their French sympathizers would not fail to co-operate with their fellow-workers in Ireland an elsewhere.

The Count de Cremont, President of the Societie St. Patrice, said that, speaking as a Frenchman, he fully acquiesced in all Miss Gonne had just said, and was sure that the '98 centenary would have many ardent sympathizers in France.

A discussion was then held as to the most suitable rendering of the "Marseillaise" to be adopted by the Irish bands. Monsieur Geniesel d'Arneville, editor of Le Matin, said that the centenary organization should have his warmest sympathy; that he would be very happy to contribute articles to L'Irlande Libre, and, if desired, to lecture on Irish subjects.

Miss Maud Gonne proposed that a vote of thanks should be passed to Monsieur Escande for having presented to the library of L'Irlande Libre a specially bound edition of his well known work, "Hoche en Irlande," and to Monsieus Guillon for the copy of his book, "Les Anglais en Irlande," which had been just received. Mr. C. Healy seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

Mr. Casey then moved that a vote of thanks should be passed to Monsieur Jean Frollo for his admirable article, "L'Irlande Fiere" in Le Petit Parisien of Sept. 23. This was seconded by Miss Maud Gonne and carried unanimously.

Miss M. Barry Delany, secretary of the Paris Young Ireland Society, then proposed that, before they separated, the meeting should pass a vote of cordial good wishes to Miss Maud Gonne on her approaching voyage to America. The motion was seconded by Mr. Casey. He said, on behalf of the meeting, that Miss Gonne would carry with her the best wishes of all present, and that it would be their pride and pleasure to continue in her absence the work she had so successfully begun in Paris. In reply, Miss Gonne expressed herself deeply touched by the kind wishes of which she was the object, and said that on her return to Paris in the spring she felt sure that she would find that the '98 centenary organization was taking an active part in the preparations for the fitting celebration of the greatest event in Franco-Irish history. The meeting then adjourned.

A. O. H. GOSSIP.

As expected, the County Board was crowded on Sunday last. One hundred and fifty members were present, and the little hall was much too small to accommodate so large a number. Matters of interest were many and debatable.

The Sunday picnic won by a large majority. The third Sunday in July, '98, was selected as the date, and Elliott's park as the place for holding the event. Comment is needless. The annual entertainment was postponed indefinitely after the general expression of opinion was taken in favor of holding the same on the eve of Washington's birthday. It may be said here in connection with the same, that it was strange that so few thought of St. Patrick's Day as a suitable one on which to give a county entertainment. It is odd how few ever think of the general effect of a large demonstration in comparison with that of a number of small and scattered attempts.

The chief and most notable point of interest was the report of the executive committee, which, as announced by County President L. Henely, was submitted by State President J. T. Keating. The report included a proposition of holding an Irish fair on Dec. 4 in Battery D and 2nd Regiment armory, the proceeds of the event to be devoted to the erection of a Hiberian hall in Chicago. The details of the enterprise were submitted and an estimate of probable profits arising from the same. The subject, in its details, had been thoroughly discussed by the committee, and in the report were in such shape as to be perfectly clear and easy of comprehension. It did not need much debate to enlighten the members of the Board, and after a few explanatory statements made by the committee, the executive committee received full power to act. The committee consists of County President L. Henely, County Vice-President W. J. Dougherty, County Rec. Sec. F. J. Conroy, County Fin. Sec. J. J. Lamb, County Treas. M. E. Lynch, P. J. Reynolds, president of Div. 26 and State President J. T. Keating.

It may be taken for granted that the work will be sent forward with despatch by the gentlemen named whose long membership on the County Board has enabled them to learn the wants of the Order, and also to act without fear of meeting with the censure of any of their confreres. Among the visitors present was Brother T. W. Reilly, of Wisconsin, who favored the Board with a few words of encouragement. Several announcements of "smoke talks" during the present and next months were made which will afford much opportunity of visiting divisions. Among those noted by the writer were the following: Div. 31 on Friday, Oct. 22, Div. 4 on Saturday, Nov. 6, Div. 30 on Saturday, Nov. 6, Div. 17 on Wednesday, Nov. 3, and Div. 2 on Nov. 27.

Division 20 has changed its meeting nights to the first Tuesday and third Sunday of each month.

Division 19 had a splendid crowd at its "smoke talk" on Thursday, the 7th inst., but I regret to note that very few visitors were present. This should not occur again, and the members may rest assured that there are few places where a more pleasant time can be enjoyed and more genuine hospitality dispensed than at a meeting of Brother James Thomas' division.

Division 31 held its first "smoke talk" on Tuesday, the 12th inst. A most enjoyable evening it surely was. It could not be otherwise when Brother Miles McFadden was president and chief caterer. The address of the evening was delivered by Brother William Sullivan, president of Div. 7, better known as Chaplain of the County Board. It is hoped No. 31 will open its hospitable doors again at an early date and permit the many, whom insufficient notice prevented from attending, an opportunity of enjoying the richness of the goods the epicures of the division provided.

Division 35 will kill "the fatted calf" on Friday evening, the 22d inst. An earnest invitation is extended to all members of other divisions to attend, and there is every reason to believe they will not regret their visit. The division meets in Bagley's hall, corner Fifty-fifth street and Jefferson avenue. Jackson Park cars pass the door. MOR.

To Cure Constipation Forever.
Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

PARNELL DAY

Celebrated in Dublin By An Immense Procession Which Marches From St. Stephen's Green to Glasnevin Cemetery.

An Imposing Array of Clubs and Societies —No Formal Ceremonies at the Grave —Unfavorable Weather Marks the Gloomy Anniversary of the Great Man's Death.

DUBLIN, Oct. 10.—Today is the sixth anniversary of the death of Charles Stewart Parnell. Five thousand Nationalists paraded the streets to the famed Glasnevin cemetery, where they heaped high the grave of their famous and lamented leader with flowers brought from all the counties of Ireland.

The demonstration was unique. Previous demonstrations have had strictly a funereal character, but in accordance with the decision of the leaders that of today was divested of all the trappings and the suits of woe and converted into a triumphal procession, lively, national airs replacing dirges.

The country people were brought in by crowded excursion trains. In their hats they wore ivy and shamrocks instead of crape. It was emphatically the people's day, for the aristocracy held coldly aloof. No flags were raised on the public buildings along the line of route, and only a few houses of the poor displayed decorations.

The day was wet, windy and cheerless, and the demonstration was imposing in few respects, except in its spirit. The procession started from St. Stephen's Green at 1 o'clock, led by a mounted guard of honor of Irish National Foresters, immediately followed by the York street brass band, which preceded the memorial car. The car was the most conspicuous feature. It was drawn by four coal black horses, and upon it were piled wreaths and crosses—a veritable mass of white and green, stacked as high as a load of hay. A bronze bust of Parnell surmounted the car, and above the head streamed a green flag emblazoned with a setting sun in gold.

After the car came the members of the Irish parliamentary party, headed by John Redmond, member of parliament for Waterford, the moving spirit of the celebration. They were followed by the honorary officers of the demonstration committee, the staffs of the Irish Daily Independent, the Evening Herald and Weekly Independent, delegates from the Irish National League of Great Britain, and then by the carriages containing John Parnell, M. P., Mrs. Dickinson, sister of the dead patriot, other members of the Parnell family and James Stephens. The venerable Mrs. Delia Parnell was unable to be present.

The lord mayor and corporation of Dublin, the mayors, sheriffs and municipal dignitaries of Cork and Limerick, robed in their official regalia, the maces being wound with ivy, rode next in gilded coaches. After them came the various deputations, carrying gaudy banners, the Farriers' society, the Bakers' association, the Dublin corporation laborers, the Mineral Water Operatives' society, the Ropemakers' society, the Ancient Order of Foresters, Dublin district; the regular Operative Coopers' society, the Friendly Brothers of Ireland, the Dublin Whiteners' union, the York Street Workmen's club, the St. James Gate employes, the postoffice officials, the Blue Bell workmen's club, the O'Donnell Gaelic Football club and other societies, representatives of the brewing trade, representatives of seven building trades, representatives of the printing trades, the coachmakers and the poulterers. There were more than thirty bands in the procession, and every county and large town, as well as scores of smaller towns, had official representation.

No Union Jacks were carried, but nearly every county delegation raised the Stars and Stripes next to the Green flag. One of the most suggestive features of the demonstration was the predominance of children and aged people, showing that the tide of emigration is carrying Ireland's able-bodied sons and daughters to more prosperous lands. Though the crowds were so great that the police had considerable difficulty in clearing the way for the procession, there were no disturbances. On the arrival of the procession at the cemetery the committee and the members of the Parnell family deposited wreaths and floral tokens on the grave. There was no speechmaking and nothing in the way of formal ceremony. A smart shower finally sent the spectators scurrying for shelter.

There were no partisan collisions, and the tone of the anti-Parnell press in commenting upon the anniversary and the celebration is exceptionally moderate. The Irish World says:

It is deplorable that a great man's memory should be dragged into the arena of party politics. Parnell has been dead long enough for his name to be placed beside those of the greatest patriots, high above section and sect, amid the reverence and love of a grateful people, united in sentiment here, if, unfortunately, nowhere else.

DIV. 8, A. O. H.

This evening (Saturday, Oct. 16), the members of Div. 8 will hold a reunion and "smoke talk" in the division hall, 62 North Clark street, to which all the members of Cook county are most cordially invited. Div. 8 will also hold a ball in North Side Turner hall on the evening of Nov. 6, and arrangements are being made which indicate great success. As entertainers the boys of Div. 8 have few peers in the community, and their coming "smoke talk" and ball will be fully up to the brilliant records of the past. J. J. S.

Resolutions of Condolence.

At a meeting of Div. 35, A. O. H., at Columbia hall, Oct. 6, 1897, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, An allwise Providence in His infinite wisdom, has removed from our midst by the hand of death, our beloved friend and brother, John Cleary; and,

WHEREAS, While we bow in humble submission to the decrees of our Heavenly Father, we cannot refrain from expressing our profound sorrow for the loss of our esteemed and worthy brother; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Brother John Cleary Div. 35 has sustained the loss of one of its ablest and best members, and also a true and devout adherent of his church; and be it further

Resolved, That the members of Div. 35 tender to the family of our deceased brother, John Cleary, our sincere sympathy in their sad hour of affliction, and that these resolutions be spread on the records of this division, and that the charter be draped in mourning for thirty days, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to THE CHICAGO CITIZEN for publication.

JAMES GANNON,
JOHN J. SHEEHAN,
EDWARD KELLY,
JOHN MCGILLEN,
Committee.

OBITUARY.

MR. W. W. HEAFFORD.

Mr. William W. Heafford, district passenger agent of the Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, at Milwaukee, died Friday night, Oct. 8, at No. 4560 Oakenwald avenue, the home of his brother, George H. Heafford, general passenger agent of the same road. His death was a painful surprise to many of the friends of the deceased. While he had not been in perfect health for over a year past, he was able to attend to his duties till about two weeks ago. The immediate cause of his death was heart disease. Mr. Heafford was born at Clinton, Conn., June 9, 1850. He began his railroad career in 1865 as a clerk in the general accountant's office of the Chicago & Northwestern. From July, 1882, to July, 1883, he was Michigan passenger agent of the Chicago & Grand Trunk Road. He then became Canadian passenger agent of the Milwaukee & St. Paul, and was subsequently appointed eastern passenger agent of the same road, and later district passenger agent at Milwaukee. He leaves three children—two sons and one daughter. Mrs. Heafford died a year ago.

MR. JOHN M'CAFFREY.

Mr. John McCaffrey, one of Chicago's oldest and most patriotic Irish-American citizens, died recently at his home, No. 62 Damen street, aged 67 years, lamented sincerely by all who knew him as a man remarkable for his goodness and upright dealing in every relation of life. He was born in Bansha, County Tipperary, Ireland, and came to America when quite a young man. An intense Irish Nationalist, he was an active member of the Fenian Brotherhood, stood zealously by Parnell in after days and was connected prominently with the Hugh O'Neill club, of this city, at the time of his death. He was also a member of the Catholic Order of Foresters. Mr. McCaffrey never lost faith in the ultimate success of the Irish cause. He belonged to that faithful, stubborn, dauntless class of Irishmen whom nothing can daunt or discourage—a type, unfortunately, not seemingly as plentiful as it used to be a generation ago. If all Irishmen possessed the brave spirit of old John McCaffrey, Ireland would not long remain a British province. The respect and affection in which he was held called forth an immense attendance at his funeral. The relatives and friends of the deceased filled the capacious Holy Family church, and most of the old time Nationalists were recognized in the congregation of mourners. After high mass of requiem, the remains were escorted by a large concourse of people to the Milwaukee & St. Paul depot, where cars were taken to Calvary cemetery, and the remains were interred in the family lot. May he rest in peace.

SUDDEN DEATH OF FATHER TORPEY.

Rev. Father Torpey, of the Australian Roman Catholic mission, died suddenly at the Luzerne Hotel, North Clark and Centre streets, Chicago, Wednesday night week. He arrived in America a few weeks ago, on his way to France, and had been at the hotel three days. He became ill on Wednesday, and Dr. Dietrich was called in. In spite of the doctor's efforts the priest sank rapidly, and passed away peacefully. Father Torpey was not known to the local clergy of his church, except to a few to whom he introduced himself. He was well supplied with money. The remains were placed in Calvary cemetery vault until his friends can be communicated with.

MISS KATE BOWLER.

Miss Kate Bowler, an amiable young lady of the West Division, well known in social circles and beloved by all who knew her, died at the residence of her brother, Mr. Michael Bowler, No. 1489 West Polk street, on Sunday, Oct. 12, aged 21 years. She had been ill from a complication of maladies for several months. An exemplary Catholic, she passed away to her spiritual reward consoled and fortified by the sacraments of the church to which she was devoted. The funeral occurred on Tuesday morning, Oct. 12, from the house to the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows, where requiem high mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Moore. Members of the St. Vincent de Paul society of the parish acted as pallbearers. The interment was at Calvary cemetery. Requiescat in pace.

FUNERAL OF THOMAS A. DILLON.

The funeral of the late Thomas A. Dillon was held from the residence, 354 East Erie street, Tuesday morning, solemn high mass being sung at the Cathedral of the Holy Name. Rev. Father J. F. Fenlon was the celebrant, Rev. Father F. J. Barry assisting as deacon and Rev. Father J. P. Dore as subdeacon. The pallbearers were John Amberg, George W. Crawford, Henry Carroll, T. H. Hainey, N. D. Laughlin and A. L. Bodle. The remains were laid to rest in Calvary cemetery, whither they were escorted by a large and imposing cortege.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETIES KEEP "TEMPERANCE DAY."

Members of the Total Abstinence association of Chicago, regardless of denomination, joined in an impressive demonstration Sunday, and observed "Temperance day" with parade, song and prayer. October 10 is the anniversary of the birth of Father Theobald Mathew, the pioneer advocate of total abstinence among the Catholics, and the priest who first introduced the "blue ribbon" pledge.

During the last five years the idea of setting aside Oct. 10 as a special day for the observance and celebration has grown among the various temperance societies, but it was not until this occasion the day was generally observed in this city. Heretofore the different denominations have held their celebrations apart, but this year every sect and creed was represented in the big gathering at the Y. M. C. A. auditorium, and the audience was addressed by Catholics and Protestants.

The celebration was opened with a grand parade of societies. The procession formed at Monroe street and Michigan avenue and contained over 1,000 people, headed by a brass band and a squad of police. The procession marched north in Michigan avenue to Jackson street, west to Lasalle, and south to the Y. M. C. A. building, where the main services were held in the big auditorium.

The Rev. D. J. Crimmins presided and made the opening address. Among other things he said: "I thank God the noble cause of temperance knows no creed today. Protestant, Jew and Catholic are assembled here with but one thought, the cause of temperance. Our social and political institutions are threatened by the demon rum, and all humanity, regardless of creed or station, is invited to join us in the battle against liquor. Father Mathew, may God bless him, is long ago dead, but his spirit lives, and his glorious work goes on."

The other speakers waxed eloquent in the cause of temperance and pleaded with the wives, sweethearts and mothers of men to help fight the battles for abstinence. The big audience was enthusiastic, and each speaker was cheered to the echo.

During the evening temperance meetings were held in several halls throughout the city, and half a hundred churches made Father Mathew and his work the subject of evening sermons.

Good speaking and enthusiasm marked the temperance rally at the Sheffield Avenue Methodist church, Sheffield avenue and George street, in the evening. Harry Pierce acted as chairman of the gathering and the first speaker was the Rev. Mr. Edmonson of Michigan. Harry Monroe of the Pacific Garden Mission appeard with Richard Lano, a convert, and both made addresses. Ex-Alderman William Young and R. D. Houlihan also spoke.

Lake View Irish-American Club.

Rehearsals for the well known four-act play, "Kathleen Mavourneen," are progressing satisfactorily under the experienced direction of Mr. Simon J. Forhan. The performance takes place on Wednesday evening, Nov. 17, at Lincoln Turner hall, with the following cast of characters:

Bernard Kavanaugh	J. R. Drolan
David O'Connor	J. P. Heavey
Father O'Cassidy	S. J. Forhan
Terrence O'Moore	J. J. Lavelle
Bill Button Cap	T. M. Klees
Capt. Clearfield	J. J. O'Shea
Black Rody	G. S. McDonnell
Red Barney	Ed Kelly
Mr. McCubban	Henry Lay
Dennis	Austin Lynch
Turnkey	Matt Holan
Kathleen O'Connor	Rose Gilligan
Meg Merslough	Jane Slattor
Kitty O'Laverty	Millie Gilligan
Dorothy Kavanaugh	Maud Louden

Soldiers and Peasants.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

IRISH IN CONVENTION.

Redmond Branch of the Nationalist Party Meets at Dublin to Talk Home Rule.

Cries of "Down with Britain" and Signs That the Celebration of 1798 Next Year May Give John Bull More Trouble Than a Potato Famine — Anti-Tax Riot in Rome—Rioter Killed and Policemen Injured—Troops Fire on the Mob.

Dublin, Oct. 12.—The first general national convention of the Irish Independent League, organized by John Redmond, M. P., the Parnelliteleader, opened yesterday afternoon in the Ancient concert rooms here. Eight hundred enthusiastic delegates packed the hall and actively participated in cheering vociferously every point in the speeches which met with their approval, and in jeering the names of Dillon, Healy and Davitt, as well as hissing the names of Gladstone, when Redmond characterized him as "the Englishman who betrayed Ireland." Every reference to the struggle of 1798 was greeted uproariously, particularly Redmond's reading of the oath taken by the revolutionists. All the speeches paid tribute to the patriotism of the late Charles Stewart Parnell, and warm cheers greeted the entrance of the Redmonds, John Parnell and Patrick O'Brien into the hall.

Cries of "Down with Britain."

The delegates thereupon climbed upon their seats and shouted: "Down with Britain." The meeting had up to that point been of a somewhat mild description, but much denunciation of England and talk of 1798 followed, Kelly, of Manchester, for instance, saying that Ireland would have her jubilee in 1898 "over the attempt of honest men to do honest work for Ireland." There was also much denunciation of Great Britain's proposal to give Ireland a Roman Catholic university. The participation of the priests in politics was condemned and the Healyites were denounced as "The assassins of Parnell." There was, however, no discord whatever; the resolutions were all adopted with enthusiasm, and the reading of a telegram from the Irish Independent League of New York was heartily cheered.

Redmond Makes a Long Speech.

Among the members of the executive committee on the platform was Louis Stuyvesant Chanler, of New York. Alderman John Reilly read a telegram from the Independent Irishmen of Boston, Mass., which said: "We stand by Parnell's policy and urge the government to disgorge its plunder in the face of the distress existing, and we send $100 as evidence of our good faith." The reading of this message was followed by three cheers for the stars and stripes.

Redmond in a long speech denounced the Liberals for abandoning home rule, and declared that the only hope of Ireland was in independent action, without any alliance with the English parties, explaining that the Dillonites wanted an "emasculated system of federation, a sort of glorified vestry, instead of a free parliament."

American Citizen Does Some Talking.

Resolutions were adopted urging the Irish everywhere to commemorate the centennary of 1798, denouncing the government for repudiating the report of the royal commission on the financial relations between Great Britain and Ireland, and demanding the release of the dynamiters now in British prisons. Chanler, who was called upon to address the convention, made a ringing speech, asserting that the Irish would never achieve home rule until they were united, and expressing the opinion that they had not allied themselves with the Tories or the Liberals "because both the English government and Englishmen are never just and never do a generous act unless forced to do it by fear."

FATAL RIOTING IN ROME.

Taxation Angers the Populace and Police and People Have a Fight.

Rome, Oct. 12.—A large procession of tradesmen, headed by the pro-syndic of Rome and the president of the Chamber of Commerce, marched to the office of the minister of the interior yesterday afternoon to protest against and confer with the government regarding the increased taxation. Premier Rudini, who is also minister of the interior, received a committee representing the tradesmen and promised that all possible would be done to promote friendly relations and greater equity between the tax collectors and taxpayers. In the meanwhile a large crowd of people had collected around the ministry, angry shouts were heard and some of those present took up paving stones and otherwise assumed a threatening attitude. This caused the police to make an attempt to disperse the violent portion of the crowd, and in the conflict which followed six policemen were injured and one rioter was killed.

The streets were quiet last evening. A special detail of police was patrolling the district that was the scene of the disturbance. In all there were twenty-four arrests. The rioter who was killed has not yet been identified, but appears to have been a workman. The prefect of police has ordered the dissolution of the Roman Social Union. Today the pro-syndic of Rome and the president of the Chamber of Commerce, who headed the procession, will be received by the Marquis di Rdini, who will discuss the application of the income tax.

It is estimated that there were at least 20,000 people in the procession that escorted the deputation to the officer of the minister of the interior. The people were irritated at being excluded from the building by the carabineers, and presently a second detachment issued with fixed bayonets and tried to clear the piazza. The crowd then resisted, the stone-throwing began, and the conflict speedily became general until an infantry detachment appeared on the scene and by repeated charges drove the crowd into the adjoining streets, the mob showering stones. Some of the soldiers fired in the direction of the crowd and the streets were only cleared after a severe struggle, a second resort to fire arms becoming necessary to dislodge a particularly determined group. It is believed that nearly forty were more or less severely injured.

TALKING IN THE LUETGERT CASE.

Small Amount of Sur-Rebuttal Evidence Offered and Arguments Begun.

Chicago, Oct. 12.—The defense in the Luetgert case closed its sur-rebuttal in an hour yesterday, except a few witnesses it reserved the right to introduce later. Several business men rehabilitated the reputation of William Charles for truth and integrity, which had been impeached by men to whom he is in debt or has been. Two other witnesses swore there were hundreds of pounds of grease in the factory on May 1; another swore that Odorofsky had testified to Justice Kersten that he was not in the factory on May 1.

Odorofsky explained that when he testified by saying that he could not properly understand the Kersten examination because it was in German instead of Polish. He knew enough of German, however, to get along with Luetgert, who cannot talk Polish. The last witness and probably the most important was not permitted to testify by the court. Mrs. Feldt had sworn that Mrs. Charles wanted her to swear the rings found in the vat were not Mrs. Luetgert's.

Mrs. Charles had denied this. On cross-examination the defense asked Mrs. Feldt several questions evidently intended for impeachment purposes on sur-rebuttal. By the witness introduced yesterday the defense proposed to prove that Mrs. Feldt had sworn falsely regarding these facts, and the judge ruled the testimony out. McEwen began the argument for the state and occupied the balance of the day.

FATAL TROLLEY CAR DISASTER.

One Person Killed, One Mortally Hurt and Fourteen Injured.

Des Moines, Ia., Oct. 12.—A dispatch from Cedar Falls, Ia., says: A trolley car loaded with passengers on the Waterloo and Cedar Falls Rapid Transit line was precipitated over a thirty-foot embankment three miles from this city. One Myers, a traveling man, was killed outright and ten others hurt severely. Sixteen people were in the car at the time and all were more or less injured. Those severely injured are: A. Rethline, Cedar Falls, scalp wound; Alice Crotty, Waterloo, internal injuries; Miss Flickinger, Cedar Falls, face cut; Frank Foulk, State Normal school rib broken.

Others hurt are: D. B. Morrison, Winona, Minn.; J. O. Waldron, with Marshall Field, Chicago; Charlotte Cunningham, Clara Sine, and Kittie Townsend, students, State Normal school; Henry Flint, Cedar Falls; E. B. Tibbetts, motorman, Cedar Falls; Franklin La Tier, conductor, Cedar Falls; Claude Cass, and Clara A. Hunt, students, State Normal school; Lulu Bovee, Cedar Falls.

W. H. Morton, of Chicago, lies unconscious in the Tremont hotel, and will probably die. The boiler at the power house was being repaired and the summer cars provided for city use were being used instead of the regular coaches.

DIVIDES HONORS WITH BOSTON.

Baltimore Wins the Temple Cup from the Pennant Winners.

Baltimore, Oct. 12.—The Temple cup will stay in Baltimore another year. It has been won twice in succession for the first time in its history, and if the Orioles take it again it is theirs absolutely. The former champions also take 60 per cent. of the money paid at the gates during the three games in Boston and the two played here, while the winners of the pennant will get but 40 per cent., unless—as is generally believed—the players have agreed among themselves to divide the spoils equally. Yesterday's game, like all the others of the series save the first one, was an easy proposition for the Baltimoreans, who won much as they pleased, by the score of 9 to 2.

Fighting a Railway Consolidation.

Detroit, Oct. 12.—Corporation Counsel Flowers yesterday on behalf of the city began suit in the county court to have the consolidation of the Detroit and Fort Wayne and Belle Isle street railways (3-cent fare lines) with the Detroit Citizens' street railway declared invalid. The bill of complaint asserts that the franchise of the Detroit railway, granted in 1894, expressly stipulated that it should not consolidate with the old companies.

Condition of the Corn Crop.

Washington, Oct. 12.—The October report of the statistician of the department of agriculture shows the average condition of corn on Oct. 1 to have been 77.1, as compared with 78.8 on Sept. 1, 90.5 on Oct. 1, 1896, and 82.5 the average for the last ten years. The average yield of wheat per acre will not be published pending the result of a special investigation of acreage and production now approaching completion.

Dividends for Failed Banks.

Washington, Oct. 12.—The comptroller has declared dividends in favor of the creditors of insolvent national banks as follows: Twenty-five per cent., Merchants' National bany of Helena, Mont.; 12½ per cent First National bank of Mount Pleasant, Mich.; 13 per cent., First National bank of Port Angeles, Wash.; 10.167 per cent., First National bank of Dayton, Tenn.

Burlington Cuts Freight Rates.

Chicago, Oct. 12.—The Burlington road has given notice that, effective Oct. 16, it will reduce freight rates from Chicago, Peoria, and Missouri river points to Colorado common points, the reduction to apply to all classes of freight, taking carload rates. Third class freight is cut from 80 to 50 cents; fourth class, from 65 to 50, and other classes cut in same proportion.

Ex-Mayor Liable to Prosecution.

Des Moines, Ia., Oct. 12.—By a decision of the supreme court Peter Olinger, mayor of Dubuque in 1895, was adjudged liable for prosecution because he engaged in raising his salary from $1,500 to $2,000. The case is similar to the action against the alderman similarly decided last Friday.

Stay Away from the Klondyke.

Skaguay, Oct. 1, via Victoria, B. C., Oct. 12.—Several parties just arrived on the Dalton trail from the Klondyke repeat the stories of scarcity of provisions and possible hunger and starvation with many there this winter.

Voted for Lay Representation.

Dubuque, Ia., Oct. 12.—The Methodist conference before adjournment yesterday voted almost unanimously in favor of equal lay representation.

GEN. ALGER AROUSED.

He Will Look After the Case of Private Hammond.

BARBARITY AT FORT SHERIDAN.

Because He Believed He Was Not Compelled to Work a Prisoner Is Dragged by His Heels from the Guardhouse to Headquarters—A Case Which Presents Some Queer Phases—The Whole Post Throws into a Ferment of Excitement.

Chicago, Oct. 11.—Fort Sheridan has had a lot of gossip regarding the treatment meted out to Private Charles Hammond. Upon refusal to obey the orders of Captain Leonard A. Lovering, officer of the day, Hammond was dragged, by a rope tied to his feet, from the guardhouse to headquarters, where he was to have been tried for refusing to work while a prisoner. Hammond's case presents some queer phases, and his acquaintance with the interior of a Fort Sheridan guardhouse came about in a strange manner. The young fellow enlisted but a short time ago and was stationed at the barracks at Plattsburg, N. Y. Recently he asked for a two weeks' leave of absence, having some important business to attend to which would call him to Chicago. His request was refused by his commanding officer and Hammond determined upon taking "French leave." Under the military code a soldier, if absent ten days without leave, is accounted a deserter and treated as such.

Surrendered at Fort Sheridan.

The private had been nine days out from the Plattsburg barracks when he bethought himself of this section of the code and he hastened to Fort Sheridan, gave himself up and was placed in the guardhouse to await developments. Friday morning Hammond, along with the other prisoners, was ordered to perform some work about the fort. He refused, asserting that under the existing conditions he did not believe such an order legal. The next morning Colonel Robert H. Hall, commanding officer at the fort, ordered that the refractory prisoner appear before the summary court headquarters. Captain Lovering, as officer of the day, detailed his men to execute the command of his superior. The prisoner refused to walk. Then it was that Lovering took a hand in the affair, with the result which has thrown the whole post in a ferment of excitement. Captain Lovering has said little since the trouble took place and Hammond has been kept under guard so closely that his side of the story could not be secured. Eyewitnesses were, however, rather numerous, and all testify to the brutality of Captain Lovering.

Dragged to Headquarrters.

When Hammond refused to walk to court, asserting that no formal charge had been launched against him, the officer of the day ordered that the man be dragged to headquarters. When the prisoner was lying on the ground and while the rope was being knotted about his feet, it is asserted by several parties that Lovering rushed upon the man and pricked him with his sword. The story then goes on to the effect that Hammond was dragged by the rope down the steps of the guardhouse, his back and head bumping all the way, along a road rough and torn up here and there, and up the steps of the quarters used for the "summary court" of Fort Sheridan. All the distance to the "summary court," it is alleged, Lovering kept prodding the helpless man with his sword and kicking at his head. Hammond protected his head as best he could with his hands, but received numerous bruises from the stones scattered along the road. Lieutenant Colonel Bainbridge, before whom Hammond was to be taken, had gone to headquarters, and Hammond was dragged down the steps again to the adjutant's office.

Numerous Bruises and Wounds.

Here he was laid in front of Colonel Bainbridge, who ordered the rope to be removed. After a brief hearing on the charges alleged against him Hammond was sent back to the guardhouse, walking with difficulty. The post-surgeon examined him and found numerous bruises and small wounds, many of which are said to have been inflicted by the point of Lovering's sword. The reports of the affair which have reached Washington are said to have aroused Secretary Alger, who is expected to order an investigation. Secretary Alger said that he would communicate at once with General Brooke, commander of the department of the Missouri, to find out if the reports of the act of brutality are true. General Brooke, when seen late Monday morning, declined to discuss the subject.

French Lick Hotel Burned.

French Lick, Ind., Oct. 11.—The Windsor hotel, the leading hostelry of this city, was destroyed by fire Monday morning about 3 o'clock and will be a total loss, together with its contents. The fire originated in the bakery and spread rapidly, and in two hours the handsome building was in ruins, nothing was left standing except the amusement pavilion and the Clifton. The telegraph office, news office, cold storage building, brick bath rooms and bakery and kitchen were a total loss. The loss will reach $40,000. No casualties among the guests or employes are reported. Amount of insurance canot be learned.

Prince Declines to Mediate.

London, Oct. 11.—The Prince of Wales has declined an invitation to mediate in the engineering dispute. In the course of his letter of refusal he says that he deeply deplores the disastrous state of affairs, but feels that it would not be right or proper for him to attempt in any way to interfere or to mix himself therein.

Royal Arch Masons at Baltimore.

Baltimore, Oct. 11.—The general grand chapter of Royal Arch Masons assembled here Monday in tri-annual conclave and on Wednesday the centennial anniversary of the founding of the grand chapter of the United States will be celebrated. Prominent Masons from all parts of the world will be present.

Murdered by Footpads.

Chicago, Oct. 11.—Footpads Sunday held up Frank Brunnstein, a newspaper carrier, 60 years old. After struggling with him for a few pennies and nickels amounting to $1.80, they shot the old man dead and made their escape.

COTTON CROP BULLETIN.

The Average Condition on Oct. 1 Was 70 Per Cent.

Washington, Oct. 11.—The cotton returns to the department of agriculture indicate an average condition on Oct. 1 of 70.0 as compared with 78.3 on Sept. 1, a decrease of 8.3 points. The average condition Oct. 1, 1896, was 80.7, and the average condition on Oct. 1, for the last ten years is 74.5. There has been a further decline, more or less marked, in every cotton producing state, the decline in North Carolina being seventeen points, in Tennessee twelve points, in South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, and Arkansas ten, in the Indian Territory eight, in Alabama, Mississippi and Missouri seven, in Louisiana and Texas six, and in Oklahoma five points. Florida is the only state in which the decline is not attributed wholly or in a large part to the long continued drought. The complaints of "no top crop," or of an exceptionally small one are almost universal and the reports of small bolls and short staple are very numerous. The only favorable reports are those which relate to the conditions for picking, which are in the main everything that could be desired.

The averages by states are as follows: Virginia 70, North Carolina 78, South Carolina 74, Georgia 70, Florida 76, Alabama 73, Mississippi 74, Louisiana 72, Texas 64, Arkansas 67, Tennessee 65, Missouri 74, Oklahoma 90, Indian Territory 85.

ARGUMENTS BEGUN.

Luetgert Murder Case to Go to the Jury Next Friday.

Chicago, Oct. 11.—The arguments in the Luetgert murder trial commenced at 1 o'clock Monday when Assistant State's Attorney McEwen began his address to the jury on behalf of the prosecution. His "few remarks" will consume all the afternoon and nearly all day Tuesday. Attorney William A. Vincent will then speak for Luetgert and, following him, Mr. Phalen will close for the defense. State's Attorney Deneen will make the last argument. The speechmaking will end Friday and a verdict is expected Saturday.

Luetgert's case closed in a remarkably abrupt manner shortly after 11 o'clock Monday. The surrebuttal of the defense was expected to last at least one whole day, but after continuing it a brief hour Attorneys Vincent and Phalen announced their defense closed, reserving the right to call one or two witnesses of minor importance later whose testimony relates to the character of other spokesmen for the defense and will not take more than five or ten minutes. The jury was as much surprised as anybody at the sudden termination of the surrebuttal, but plainly gratified even at the prospect of listening to four days of oratory, which will be a pleasant change.

To Purify Marquette.

Marquette, Mich., Oct. 11.—Marquette has been overtaken by a purity wave. Orders have been given to all the keepers of houses of ill-fame to close their places and leave town. The saloon closing law is being strictly enforced for the first time in months. The saloons closed at 11 o'clock Saturday night under orders from the marshal, remained closed, back door and front, all day Sunday. Some of the saloon men have been running open and the authorities thought it well to take them in hand. The order was well obeyed. No arrests for violations were made.

Rich Strike in Missouri.

Sedalia, Mo., Oct. 11.—At the Judge John N. Dalby lead mine in northwest Sedalia, a nine-inch vein of rich ore, mixed with silver, has been struck at a depth of less than fifteen feet. Forty-nine thousand pounds of ore had been taken out with picks and shovels since the mine was opened a few weeks ago on a prospect, and holders of realty in that portion of the city are considerably worked up, many of them believing that Sedalia is destined to become a second Joplin.

Appointed by the President.

Washington, Oct. 11.—The president Monday made the following appointments: H. N. Grew of Phoenix, A. T., to be register of the land office at Salt Lake City, Utah; Fred B. Spriggs of New York, to be agent for the Indians at the Nevada agency in Nevada; Edward Goldberg of Wichita, Kan., to be agent for the Indians of the Quapaw agency in Indian territory.

Farmer Slain from Ambush.

Dexter, Mo., Oct. 11.—The dead body of Sam January, a framer living near Bernie, nine miles south of Dexter, has been found 100 yards from his home. He had evidently been shot from ambush at close quarters, as the entire top of his head was blown off. Charles Crow, a stepson, has been arrested.

Fatal Difficulty in Kentucky.

Richmond, Ky., Oct. 11.—Rutherford Todd, youngest son of Frank Todd, a wealthy farmer, stabbed Dan Little, a farmer living on his father's place, inflicting wounds that will prove fatal. The men had had trouble over a division of crops and Little attacked Todd with a stone.

Charged with Roasting His Wife.

Canton, O., Oct. 12.—William Dupeysier, a well-known character, is under arrest on the charge of murdering his wife. She ran out of their home wrapped in flames, her clothing being soaked with oil from a lamp. The case is rather mysterious and the principals are a bad lot.

Planing Mill and Warehouse Burned.

Atchison, Kan., Oct. 11.—Fire which started at 2:30 o'clock Sunday morning destroyed the flouring mill and warehouse of John M. Cain, together with contents, four two-story stores and five small frame buildings. The aggregate loss is about $75,000.

Return of General Miles.

Washington, Oct. 11.—Major General Nelson A. Miles, commanding the army, has returned here from his European tour of military observation. He came in late in the afternoon and denied himself to callers.

Another International Wedding.

London, Oct. 11.—The Morning Post announces that a marriage has been arranged between Count Charles Selfern and Miss Antoinette, daughter of the late Charles Woerishoffer of New York.

Around the Horn to Alaska.

New York, Oct. 11.—Nineteen men and one woman sailed on the Nellie G. Thirston for the Klondike Monday. The schooner expects to round the horn and reach 'Frisco about Feb. 1.

WILL NOT OBEY LAW.

Why the New Orleans Authorities Cannot Stamp Out the Yellow Jack Epidemic.

NEW CASES NOT DULY REPORTED.

Other Necessary Precautions Ignored Because They Are Irksome, Consequently the Plague Will Go on Claiming Its Victims Daily Until Jack Frost Kills the Germs—Crescent City Feels Hurt at Galveston—Daily Death Record.

New Orleans, Oct. 12.—From the returns there is little hope in the yellow fever situation. The board of health is daily demonstrating that with a fair show it is possible for modern science to restrict and stamp out the disease. But the people who must suffer from a strict application of scientific methods rebel, the result being that the pathway of the board of health is beset with difficulties. If there was strict compliance with the health lays, if prompt report was made of cases the fever germs would quickly be wiped out. But it begins to look now as if from thirty to forty cases and from four to six deaths will be daily reported until Jack Frost puts in an appearance. Yesterday, as on nearly every day since the fever first appeared here, about 50 per cent. of the fatalities was traceable to neglect and a disposition to hide cases until it was too late to do anything to save life.

Case That Is One in Point.

The case of Robert Hite was reported yesterday. He had been ill some time. People in the vicinity of where he lived knew he was ill. Yet no report was made to the health authorities and the announcement of the Hite case was almost contemporaneous with his death. The most important feature of the news as to the new cases was the fact that four people were found to have been stricken at the Jewish home, a well known local charitable institution. The officials of Touro infirmary agreed to receive the cases and they were at once taken to that hospital, which is largely supported by the Hebrew population, although non-sectarian.

Grievance Against Galveston.

At the board of health office there is bitter criticism of Galveston, Tex., and the Texas health authorities for their failure to send a line regarding the situation in that city. When suspicious cases were reported here the Louisiana board of health at once telegraphed the fact to all the leading health boards of the country, and the result was general quarantine against this city. Galveston was one of the first cities to raise the bars. Dr. Guiteras on Saturday pronounced several cases of yellow fever as existing in Galveston, but not a line has reached Dr. Olliphant relative to these from the Texas health officers. The only official information which Dr. Olliphant has received was from Surgeon General Wyman.

VERY MILD CASE OF FEVER

Found by a Local Doctor at Galveston—Two Others That Are Suspicious.

Galveston, Tex., Oct. 12.—Dr. C. W. Truehart, member of the advisory committee of the board of health, yesterday reported to the health authorities that he had found a case of well-defined but very mild yellow fever. Dr. Edward Randall reported two cases in his practice which he pronounced yellow fever. Dr. Truehart examined these cases and has pronounced them suspicious. The original cases are getting along nicely, and there has been no fatality. The infected houses are under quarantine guard and the city is being thoroughly disinfected. No passenger trains are being run in or out of Galveston. Preparations have been made for fumigating the mails and sending them out of the city to trains and the postal authorities have been wired for confirmation.

San Antonio, Tex., Oct. 12.—The city council yesterday passed a resolution throwing open the doors of San Antonio to yellow fever refugees from Galveston and other coast cities and invited citizens of those cities to come here during the prevalence of yellow fever at their homes. This resolution is based on the fact that during the past fifty years no yellow fever has developed here, though many refugees have come here from infected points and did with the fever.

Daily Report of New Cases.

New Orleans, Oct. 12.—Following is the daily yellow fever report: New cases, 39; deaths, 4; total cases to date, 616; total deaths to date, 68.

At Nitta Youma there was one death, no new cases; at Mobile five new cases, no deaths; at Edwards, five new cases, two deaths.

No Cases of Fever at Houston.

Houston, Tex., Oct. 12.—Yellow Fever Expert Guiteras arrived here yesterday and visited the hospital and one or two private residences, but did not discover yellow fever. The smaller towns of the state are excited beyond measure and in many counties trains are not allowed to stop.

Supreme Court Sees McKinley.

Washington, Oct. 12.—The October term of the supreme court of the United States began at noon yesterday with Chief Justice Fuller and all the associate justices in their seats. No business was transacted beyond the admission of attorneys to the bar. The court adjourned until today in order to enable its members, in accordance with long-established usage, to pay their respects in a body to the president.

Federation of Railway Unions.

Peoria, Ills., Oct. 12.—One of the most important conferences in the history of unions began in this city today at which a plan to negotiate a federation will be considered and adopted. Four international conventions have declared for closer federation of the railroad brotherhoods. The one brotherhood not included is the brotherhood of engineers. Fully 100,000 men in the United States and Mexico will be affected.

Perhaps the Indians Can Catch Them.

Guthrie, O. T., Oct. 12.—A posse of Cheyenne Indians, headed by Deputy United States Marshal Eugene Hall, has been sent after the remainder of the Jennings bandits, who held up the passenger train on the Rock Island at Chickasha recently.

THE CUBAN SITUATION

State Department Going Over It with Lee and Taylor.

THE ACCESSION OF SAGASTA.

View Communicated to the State Department Is That It Means a Fabian Policy of Delay—General Weyler Will Start for Spain at Once and Not Await the Arrival of His Successor, General Blanco, Whose Policy Will Be Vigorous.

Washington, Oct. 11.—Consul General Fitzhugh Lee arrived here Sunday night and was at the state department early Monday morning in conference with Assistant Secretary Day, leaving later for Warrenton, Va., to attend the funeral of a friend. He returned at night to advise further with officials here as to the Cuban situation. It is understood that the state department is going over with General Lee and Mr. Hannis Taylor, ex-minister to Spain, the effect of the recent cabinet changes, the result of General Weyler's withdrawal and his succession by General Blanco, and other new phases developed by the accession of Sagasta. The escape of Miss Cisneros from an Havana prison through the efforts of a representative of the New York Journal has been talked over also, the prevailing view being that it will not lead to an international complication. General Lee said that he did not think any serious question would arise over the incident. Ex-Minister Taylor, when asked if international complications were likely to arise, answered:

Sagasta's Probable Course.

"I think not, and the probable result will be that Sagasta will give a royal decoration to those who have been good enough to rid Spain of this troublesome subject."

Mr. Taylor will not discuss the present situation at Madrid. He is engaged, however, in writing a review of the political, economic and diplomatic phases of the Cuban problem, with his own views drawn from experience at Madrid and refuses to make any comment in advance of his carefully prepared review of the case. The talks of administration officials with Mr. Taylor and General Lee has given an accurate view of the situation, both at Havana and Madrid, resulting from the change of Spanish cabinet and policy. There is good reason to believe that the view communicated to the state department is that the accession of Sagasta means a Fabian policy of delay, not only for the present but for many weeks to come, and that no definite policy for Cuba will be announced for some time. As evidence of this, it is pointed out that General Blanco, the new captain general of Cuba, will not leave for his post before the 15th inst.

Trip Will Take Eleven Days.

Officials believe his departure is more likely to be deferred until the 20th. The trip from Barcelona to Havana will take about eleven days, so that the new captain general will not reach Havana before the early part of next month. This, it is said, will permit all pending Cuban questions to be held in suspense at least until the new official reaches his post. After that it is anticipated the Spanish cabinet will desire that General Blanco be given time to familiarize himself with the situation and his duties, and to mature the policy he is to apply to the island. The execution of that policy, an allowance of time for its fair trial, etc., according to those in a position to accurately judge the situation will lead to protracted delays on those subjects to which the United States recently has invited the attention of Spain. Senor Duboso, secretary of the Spanish legation, has returned, and is the only Spanish official in Washington. He maintains strict reserve concerning the present situation of affairs.

RETURN OF GENERAL WEYLER.

He Will Not Await the Arrival of His Successor, General Blanco.

Madrid, Oct. 11.—Captain General Blanco will sail for Cuba on the 15th and Captain General Weyler will return to Spain immediately, Gen. Castelanos assuming the direction of affairs in the island until Blanco's arrival. The Marquis de Ahumada, who was Captain General Weyler's second in command, has resigned. At the meeting of the cabinet Sunday it was decided to send reinforcements to the Philippine Islands. Marshal Primo Rivera, who succeeded General Blanco as governor general of the Philippine Islands, will be recalled immediately.

General Ramon Blanco announces that he will act with great energy against the insurgents and will employ all political means to restore equality of treatment in the various sections of the community. The captain general adds that he has the greatest desire to end the horrors of war and to establish peace by the system which he adopted in 1879. The inhabitants of Palma, the birthplace of General Weyler, are preparing to give him an ovation on his return from Cuba.

London, Oct. 11.—The Times, commenting editorially on the Cuban situation, says: "If Senor Sagasta fails to adopt a bold reform policy in Cuba, likely to disarm American jingoism, it might turn out to have been wiser to have left General Weyler to finish the war in his own fashion."

Food Caused Pain

Catarrh of the Stomach Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I was taken sick about a year ago with catarrh of the stomach. At times I would have a ravenous appetite and at other times could not eat. My food caused me excruciating pain. I was running down so fast I had to stop work. My friends urged my to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I did so and soon began to feel better. The disagreeable symptoms of disease gradually passed away and flesh and strength returned. I owe it all to Hood's Sarsaparilla." MARY L. CUMMINGS, North Brookfield, Mass. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate.

EXILED TO SIBERIA.

By WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXI.

A MIDNIGHT ALARM.

They traveled 40 miles that day, reaching at sunset a wayside post station, a one story log building. Close by were a couple of houses and a telegraph office. The starosta, or station master, provided a warm supper and a bed in one corner of the room. The sledge was hauled into the yard, and under half a dozen big furs Phil passed a fairly comfortable night. In the morning a Russian officer demanded the passports. They were returned without comment, and ten minutes later the sledge, drawn by a fresh troika, was speeding to the eastward.

Thus for a whole week they rode on across Siberia, each hour drawing nearer to safety. Nicolas Poussin spoke but little. He preserved a grave and silent demeanor and drove his horses with an unsparing hand. Spring was not far off, and he was anxious to reach Vladivostok before the mild weather made sleighing impossible. Smuggled up in furs, Platoff and Maurice sat far back under the leather hood, while Phil, cramped and uncomfortable, remained in his narrow place of concealment. They passed many travelers on the road—Tartars, merchants, peasants and occasionally Cossack soldiers or Russian officers—but no unpleasant incidents occurred. Nicolas Poussin's passports carried them through all dangerous places.

Sometimes they slept in the same room at night with soldiers or dined with them at the same table. On such occasions Nicolas Poussin conversed for himself and his companions.

Phil had the hardest time of all, sleeping at night in the station yards and eating such food as his companions could smuggle out to him, but he bore all without complaint.

Day by day traveling became more difficult, and it was well that Nicolas Poussin was able to procure fresh troikas each morning, for when night came the horses were often completely worn out from dragging the heavy sledge over bare places in the road and through the slushy snow.

On the [illegible]th evening, just as the sun was go[illegible] down redly over the pine crowne[illegible]ls to the westward, they reached [illegible]mall Siberian village, Vastak by name, and drove into the spacious yard of the station. Sleepy looking peasants in gay costumes were standing about in the street, and a few soldiers were visible. The station house was larger than many of its kind, and at Nicolas Poussin's request the starosta gave the travelers a small private room, and presently brought in dishes of bread, meat and cheese and a steaming samovar. In the middle of the repast a Russian officer entered, and with many apologies requested their passports.

He glanced them over briefly and bowed his way out.

As the door closed Nicolas Poussin drew a small map from his pocket and spread it out on the table.

"I will show you where we are," he said abruptly. "You remember that we left the Amur some days ago and turned up the bed of the Usuri. Here, you see, is the Amur running to the northeast, while the Usuri flows directly north. Consequently we are traveling south. We have reached this point," designating a spot on the map, "and now Vladivostok is but 200 miles away. I have brought you farther than I hoped to do. You see it will be dangerous to continue the use of these passports, for the men whose names you bear are known to many of the officials between here and the Pacific. For your safety and mine we must part. I will provide you with sufficient food, and if you are cautious you will reach the coast in safety."

"Yes, you are right," said Platoff with emotion. "Tomorrow we will leave you. Better that we should take the risks of recapture than"—

"Stop," said Poussin. "You forget. I wish to hear nothing. I don't know who you are, understand, or where you are going. You saved my life. That is all I choose to remember."

A commotion was suddenly heard outside, and he turned to the window. The interest depicted on his face drew his companions to the spot. Out in the station yard a Cossack surrounded by an inquisitive crowd was nailing a big white placard to one of the gateposts. The distance was too great to distinguish its contents. Maurice and Platoff exchanged significant glances, but before they could speak the starosta flung open the door and entered.

"A courier has arrived with proclamations," he said breathlessly. "It seems that the escaped convicts who were seen near Tolnar have eluded pursuit and cannot be found. Of course they have not reached this neighborhood yet, but the government wishes to be on the safe side, and so they are posting notices from station to station."

"Ah," said Poussin coolly, "we have heard something of that on our way. And so they have slipped off from the soldiers, have they? Well, they will be caught sooner or later. Have you one of the placards with you? It would be wise for us to read the descriptions in case we run across the fellows."

The starosta rushed out of the room and into the yard.

"Keep cool," said Poussin. "There is not the slightest cause for fear. I saw these placards a month ago."

The fellow was back in an instant, paper in hand. "Here, you read it; my eyes are bad," said Poussin, and he handed it to Platoff.

Maurice, to conceal his emotion, turned to the samovar and drew a cup of tea, but Platoff coolly took the paper and read aloud in a firm, clear voice:

TWO THOUSAND RUBLES REWARD.

The above sum will be paid for the arrest of three convicts who escaped in February from the mines at Kara; one tall and light haired, his companions of medium height, and dark. At the time of their escape two of them wore the prison garb; the other was attired in a Cossack uniform.

They are journeying down the Amur valley, and all persons are hereby warned to extend no aid whatever under the severest penalties.

GENERAL MELIKOFF,
Governor of the Mines of Kara.

"Rather a meager description," said Platoff, laying the paper aside.

"Ah, but their clothes," exclaimed the starosta. "That is a sure identification. It is impossible that they could have procured others."

"Were the convicts still wearing the prison clothes when seen near Tolnar?" asked Poussin suddenly.

"It was not the men who were seen," said the starosta, "only traces of them, a trail in the snow—and hot ashes of fire."

Platoff darted a reassuring glance at Maurice.

"Well, my good man," broke in Poussin, "depend upon it the rascals will be captured, and serve them right, and now be sure to have a fresh relay of horses ready at early dawn. I must reach Vladivostok before a warm spell sets in."

The starosta promised obedience and left the room.

"A good sleep will be necessary," said Poussin. "We shall have a hard day's journey tomorrow." He spread his rugs on the floor and stretched himself flat. Platoff filled his pockets with bread and meat and hurried away to give Phil his supper. He was back in ten minutes.

"The boy is all right," he whispered to Maurice, "and the sledge is in a safe place. It won't be disturbed." They carried on a whispered conversation for a few moments, with Poussin snoring heavily at their side, and finally both fell asleep.

Maurice woke some hours later with a confused din ringing in his ears. He sat up, listening intently, and presently the vague sounds resolved themselves into a clatter of hoofs, the tread of hurrying feet and a babel of voices. A yellow glare was shining into the room, and, rushing to the window, he saw a dozen mounted Cossacks standing in the station yard.

Two or three peasants were holding blazing torches, and a fast increasing crowd was pouring in at the gates. At that instant Maurice felt a hand on his shoulder, and, turning, he saw Platoff. "Lost!" hissed the Russian. "We are betrayed. The soldiers are seeking us. Look at that scoundrel!" And he pointed to the starosta, who was standing at one side conversing with the captain of the Cossacks.

"They shall not take me alive! I swear it!" he added fiercely, and, springing across the room, he tore his pistol from his coat.

Maurice, pale and trembling, turned from the window.

"Quick!" exclaimed Platoff. "Follow me. We may escape through the rear." He moved toward the door as he spoke, but before he could reach it Nicolas Poussin came sleepily forward.

"Ha! How's this? What does all this noise mean?" he asked.

Platoff dragged him to the window and pointed to the soldiers in the yard.

"They are seeking us," he said. "Some wretch has put them on our track. It is not too late yet to escape, provided a way is open in the rear. My only fears are for your safety. How can you explain? How can you extricate yourself from your perilous position?"

"I do not believe the soldiers are here for that purpose," said Poussin in a calm voice, but the pallor of his face belied his words. "I advise you to wait before you attempt anything rash."

"They are coming," cried Platoff, as footsteps were heard in the next apartment, and, rushing to the door, he propped his huge frame against it, calling on Maurice to assist.

"Be careful, be careful!" said Poussin nervously. "Don't go too far."

A sharp rat-tat-tat was heard on the panels, and, as no one answered, the familiar voice of the starosta called on them to open.

With a sudden change of demeanor Platoff seized the handle and flung the door far back.

The torch gleam from the yard revealed the starosta and a burly captain of Cossacks standing on the threshold.

CHAPTER XXII.

A DARING DEED.

The starosta evidently failed to notice the consternation that his visit had produced.

"Pardon, a thousand pardons, your honor!" he exclaimed volubly, addressing Poussin, who had pushed his way to the front. "I am sorry that I must disturb you, but I really have no choice, as your honor can readily see for yourself. This is a government position, you know, and of course I must be very careful"—

"What are you talking about?" interrupted Poussin angrily, glancing aslant at his companions, who had edged across the room. "Speak and explain yourself."

"Why, don't you know?" said the starosta in a surprised tone. "Didn't you hear the noise and see the Cossacks in the yard? His excellency the government inspector will be here in an hour or two, and this room must be made ready for him. He was not expected so soon, but it seems that he fears the warm weather will set in before he reaches the Pacific. He has come clear from St. Petersburg. This is the commander of the Cossack advance guard, who always precedes his excellency some miles." And the starosta indicated the officer at his side, who at once muttered out an apology for disturbing the travelers at their rest.

Back in the shadow of the wall Platoff and Maurice drew a sigh of relief that was audible in the doorway. Poussin, too, was overcome by the sudden transition from despair to hope, but he retained his self possession admirably and replied with a well assumed touch of indignation:

"It is shameful that travelers should suffer these inconveniences, but since it is his excellency the inspector who

Platoff seized the handle and flung the door far back.

wishes our apartment we will gladly give it up. Convey to him our best regards on his arrival. And now where can we sleep for the remainder of the night?"

"I can put you on the floor of the postroom," said the starosta doubtfully, "if your honor doesn't object to the other occupants."

"And who else is there?" asked Poussin.

"Well," replied the starosta, counting on his fingers, "there are four peasants, and two soldiers, and a Cossack lieutenant, and three drunken buriats, and a merchant from Tomsk, and a dog"—

"That will do," interrupted Poussin. "I don't want to hear any more. I see that the moon is shining. Traveling will be good. Fetch me a relay of the best horses you can get, and at once, mind you. We will start immediately and make up for loss of rest at the next station we reach."

"But, your honor," stammered the starosta, "I am afraid—horses—they are scarce, and his excellency will want"— Here he paused and glanced over his shoulder, but the Cossack, having lent his presence to the edict of expulsion, had made his way unnoticed into the courtyard.

Poussin readily interpreted these little maneuvers. "Get me the horses, and I will give you 10 rubles extra," he said. "I want provisions also. Put me in sufficient for five days' travel. One cannot procure food fit for a dog to eat at the stations between here and Vladivostok."

"But food is even scarcer than horses," said the starosta with a greedy twinkle in his eye. "All that can be procured will be consumed by his excellency and party."

"Provide what I want, and I will pay your price," replied Poussin. "Make haste, now, and get our sledge ready. We will start at once, and his excellency can have this room."

"Yes, your honor," said the starosta, "I will do my best." And, bowing low, he departed. Poussin carefully closed the door after him and crossed the room.

"You heard all our conversation?" he asked abruptly.

"Yes," said Platoff. "Thank heaven we are safe! It was a terrible fright, and I was sure that all was lost. Your coolness preserved us from a fatal blunder. You are a wonderful man!"

"Yes, it is true that we are safe for the present," answered Poussin, "but what I have just heard has a hidden meaning that I only could understand. You remember my telling you that I journeyed from Irkutsk to Tolnar in company with two men under whose names and with whose passports you are now traveling?"

"Yes," said Platoff, "I recollect."

"Well," resumed Poussin, "those men, Miroff and Lyapin, are both Russian officers, although they traveled incognito, and the passports made no mention of their rank. From Irkutsk they were sent ahead by his excellency the inspector, and when we arrived at Tolnar a telegram reached them containing instructions to await the arrival of the inspector at that station. They traveled with me, you see, in order that their rank might not be suspected. His excellency was not due at Tolnar for some weeks, but it appears now that he has journeyed with unusual rapidity. He will be here in an hour or two. Miroff and Lyapin are with him. An examination of passports will lead to the discovery of our ruse, and disaster will follow."

Poussin threw himself on a chair and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"A bad state of affairs indeed!" said Platoff. "What can be done?"

"Little, I fear," replied Poussin. "I have ordered the sledge at once, and we may gain some hours on his excellency.

It all depends, however, on a single thing—the examination of the passports. It is possible that no such inspection will be made, since the inspector and his party are of such high rank. In that event all will go well, and by hard traveling we can reach Vladivostok before the inspector, but if the passports are requested by the officer who examined ours last night, and he hears the names of those men, the coincidence will at once strike him, and discovery will follow."

"Either Cossacks will then be sent in pursuit or orders will be telegraphed to the next station to arrest us on our arrival."

"But the chances are in our favor," exclaimed Maurice eagerly. "At least so it seems to me. If these men had procured other passports, and these passports had been examined at various points along the route—points at which our passports had also been examined—would not this discovery have been made long ago?"

"Yes," assented Poussin.

"And in that event," resumed Maurice, "would it not have been a simple matter to telegraph orders for our arrest?"

Again Poussin nodded assent.

"Very well," said Maurice triumphantly; "it is plain that their passports have not heretofore been examined. Why, then, would they be at this particular point?"

"That is clever reasoning," said Poussin. "You are right. The chances are greatly in our favor. Moreover, it is barely possible that these men are not with his excellency at all. One cannot tell what may have happened. Perhaps they were sent back to Irkutsk or ordered to remain at Tolnar, but we will take no chances on that. To stay here an hour longer is dangerous."

At that instant a rap at the door was heard, and a second later the starosta entered.

"All is ready," he said, "the fresh horses and the provisions. Ah, your honor, you little know with what difficulty I procured them. If it came to his excellency's ears, I should lose my place."

"You are an extortionate rascal," said Poussin coolly. "You can tell lies like a buriat. I won't quarrel over the price, though. I am in haste to leave. Here is the money for the horses, including the ten extra rubles. How much for the provisions?"

"Eight—eight rubles," stammered the starosta. "I assure you, your honor, they cost me 7¾"—

"They didn't cost you two," said Poussin scornfully; "but, here, take your money." And, dropping the coins into the outstretched hand, he led the way out, followed by Platoff and Maurice, bearing the rugs.

It was 2 o'clock in the morning. The postyard, lit by the glaring torches of the soldiery, was weird and unnatural. A splendid troika — three powerful black horses—was attached to the sledge, and the restless animals were stamping impatiently. Platoff and Maurice took the back seat and drew the furs around them. A slight movement of the rugs in front showed that Phil was still safe in his retreat. He doubtless was curious to know what was going on.

Poussin deliberately made an inspection of the food he had bought to see that everything was there, and, finally climbing to his seat, he roughly ordered the station attendants out of the road and chirruped to the horses.

They trotted through the yard, and, turning the angle at the gate, under the very eyes of a dozen Cossacks, dashed off down the frozen, deserted street. The low houses, dim and gloomy, shot past like streaks, and, skimming over a slight ridge, the darkness was relieved by a bar of light shining from the military outpost—a small wooden structure by the roadside.

"I forgot all about that," muttered Poussin as he pulled up his horses in obedience to the stern command to halt.

Two or three soldiers were lounging inside, and the officer who came forward with a lantern was the same man that examined their passports that morning. He held up the light and scrutinized their faces.

"Ah, yes," he said, "I remember you. You just came last evening."

"Yes," replied Poussin. "We have been turned out of our beds." And he related in good humored tones how the expected arrival of the government inspector had deprived them of their room and started them off a few hours ahead of their usual time.

"Then you are not connected with his excellency's party?" asked the officer.

"Why, no," said Poussin, thrown off his guard by the question.

"But your companions are," said the officer, and, pulling a document from his pocket, he hastily unfolded it.

"I find both your names here," he said, looking at Platoff, "Louis Miroff and Serge Lyapin. This is a list of the inspector's party brought to me an hour ago by the captain of his excellency's advance guard in order that I might copy it for my monthly report. Seeing your names upon it, I supposed you had preceded the inspector. May I ask why you are leaving again before his arrival?"

Platoff's courage rose to meet this trying emergency. "We belong to his excellency's party," he answered in a firm voice, "my companion and I. We are traveling incognito for reasons that must remain secret."

Then, seeing that the officer hesitated, he added: "You saw the passports properly made out in our names. Surely that is sufficient."

Perhaps there was an ill suppressed touch of eagerness in Platoff's voice. The officer's suspicions were plainly aroused.

Without replying he held his lantern to Platoff's face and then turned it on Poussin, who sat white and miserable on the front seat. That woebegone countenance confirmed the officer's doubts.

"I must put you to the inconvenience of a brief delay," he said. "No doubt all will be explained, but I dare not assume any risks. I will dispatch a man at once to bring the captain of the Cossack guard. He will know you, of course."

The officer moved quietly forward and caught the horses' lines, while three soldiers with rifles in their hands came out of the station and stood near the sledge.

"Yes," said Platoff. "He will know us. Oh, yes, the captain will know us." His lips trembled, and he caught Maurice's wrist in a convulsive grasp.

Poussin never turned his head. He was trembling like a leaf. Ten seconds—twenty—half a minute.

No one moved or spoke.

Suddenly Platoff straightened up. With one quick, marvelous leap he sprang behind Poussin and snatched the lines and the whip from the nerveless fingers. He shouted fiercely and brought down the lash with stinging severity on the spirited horses. They reared in the air, tore madly from the officer's detaining grasp, and before the amazed soldiers could realize what had taken place the sledge was dashing like a meteor into the gloom.

"Down!" Platoff shouted to Maurice. And, sweeping Poussin into the bottom of the sledge with one arm, he tightened his grip on the lines and dropped low himself.

Crack! crack! crack! crack!—for two or three minutes the rifles popped continuously on the frosty air, and the bullets tore through the leather hood and splintered the woodwork on all sides. Then the last shot echoed and died away, and the flashes of red fire vanished, leaving the night darker than before by contrast.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SEEBACH AND THE AGENT.

A German Story of an American Attempt to Boom a Sewing Machine.

The following story, which was published in German in connection with the death of Marie Seebach, the noted German actress, shows very well the conception of American affairs which still prevails in Germany to a certain extent. Seebach was here [illegible]ore than 20 years ago, and it is scarcely possible that such an incident as is described would have taken place then, but many such stories are told in Germany today as illustrative of American enterprise.

According to this reminiscence Marie Seebach one day received a message that a gentleman wished to see her. She told the servant to send him to her drawing room in the hotel, and when he arrived he introduced himself as a certain Colonel Smith. Then he plunged at the object of his visit and said that he represented a certain well known make of sewing machines.

"I have already heard," he said, "that you are a great artist. I want to find out if you are a good business woman as well. Do you want to make some money?"

"Oh, I've no objections to make to that," she said, "if it is possible in a perfectly correct and dignified way."

"Oh, it's in the most correct way possible that I propose," the visitor continued, "and I offer you $10,000 for doing it."

"What have I to do in return?" asked Seebach.

"Nothing in the world," the colonel replied, and as he noticed the expression of astonishment on her face he went on: "I told you that I came from a sewing machine company—one of the largest in the world. All that I demand of you in return for the $10,000 is that as Marguerite in the spinning wheel scene from 'Faust' you will use one of our sewing machines instead of the wheel, and just keep it in motion for a few seconds. Then we would let handbills drop from the gallery, saying that the machine used by Marie Seebach was made by our firm."

The actress is said to have hesitated for a second, but, in the end, her respect for Goethe's tragedy is described as the feeling which saved her artistic reputation.

This story is of a type that disappeared from general use 40 years ago. It is of the kind told about P. T. Barnum in the earlier days of his career, but stories of the kind still pass muster in Europe, although a press agent who attempted anything of the kind in this country would soon lose his job.—New York Sun.

The Use of the Great Toe.

The negroes of the West Indies use the great toe constantly in climbing. Several years ago, while spending some time at one of the famous resorts in Jamaica, I had an opportunity to observe the skill with which the black women, who do a great part of the menial labor, carried stone, mortar and other building materials on their heads to the top of a five story tower in a part of the hotel not then finished.

Much of the unerring accuracy with which they (women and girls) chased each other up and down the long ladders, with heavy loads skillfully poised on their woolly pates, was due to the firmness with which they grasped each rung of the ladders with the great toe. They did not place the ball or the hollow of the foot on the rung, but the groove at the juncture of the great toe with the body of the foot, and they held fast by making the back of the other toes afford the other gripping surface. In much the same way the Abyssinian native cavalry grasp the stirrup. And I have seen a one armed Santo Domingan black, astride the near ox in a wheel yoke, guiding a lead mule with a rein held between his great and second toes, while his only arm was devoted to cracking his teamster's whip.—Overland Monthly.

Endure Hardship.

As a gladiator trained the body, so must we train the mind to self sacrifice, "to endure all things," to meet and overcome difficulty and danger. We must take the rough and thorny roads as well as the smooth and pleasant, and a portion at least of our daily duty must be hard and disagreeable, for the mind cannot be kept strong and healthy in perpetual sunshine only, and the most dangerous of all states is that of constantly recurring pleasure, ease and prosperity. Most persons will find difficulties and hardships enough without seeking them. Let them not repine, but take them as a part of that educational discipline necessary to fit the mind to arrive at its highest good.—New York Ledger.

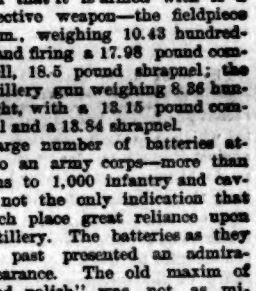
England's Shortest Railway.

The shortest railway line in Great Britain is the Brighton Dyke Steep Grade railway, which was opened recently, adding a new feature to the attractions of Devil's Dyke. The Dyke, which is a favorite resort of the Brightonians, is a great but remarkably regular chasm on the South downs, situated about six miles to the northwest of Brighton. The view from the tableland, nearly 700 feet above the sea level, which surrounds it is one of the finest panoramic views obtainable in the country. The new line, which descends direct from the top of the hill to a point about a quarter of a mile distant from the village of Poynings in the plain below, is only 840 feet in length.

AN OPEN LETTER

From Miss Sachner, of Columbus, O., to Ailing Women.

To all women who are ill:—It affords me great pleasure to tell you of the benefit I have derived from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I can hardly find words to express my gratitude for the boon given to suffering women in that excellent remedy. Before taking the Compound I was thin, sallow, and nervous. I was troubled with leucorrhœa, and my menstrual periods were very irregular. I tried three physicians and gradually grew worse. About a year ago I was advised by a friend to try Mrs. Pinkham's Sanative Wash and Vegetable Compound, which I did. After using three bottles of the Vegetable Compound and one package of Sanative Wash, I am now enjoying better health than I ever did, and attribute the same to your wonderful remedies. I cannot find words to express what a Godsend they have been to me.



Whenever I begin to feel nervous and ill, I know I have a never-failing physician at hand. It would afford me pleasure to know that my words had directed some suffering sister to health and strength through those most excellent remedies.—MISS MAY SACHNER, 848½ E. Rich St., Columbus, O.

OUR CAVALRYMEN BEST.

French Horses, However, Are Superior to Those Used Here.

The French horseman does not ride as well as his prototype in the United States regular army, but the horses of the French army are better and more serviceable than those in the United States. The half bred barbs of the chasseurs are up to any amount of work, and the heavier Normans and Bretons of the dragoons and cuirassiers, although perhaps too light for the weight they carry, are splendid specimens of horseflesh. The French artillery—believed elsewhere than in France to be the corps d'elite of the army—was beyond praise. The physique of the personnel of the field and horse batteries is superior to that of the line, and the average efficiency of the officers is higher. The steel gun that it is armed with is a most effective weapon—the fieldpiece of 90 mm., weighing 10.43 hundredweight, and firing a 17.98 pound common shell, 18.5 pound shrapnel; the horse artillery gun weighing 8.86 hundredweight, with a 13.15 pound common shell and a 13.84 shrapnel.

The large number of batteries attached to an army corps—more than four guns to 1,000 infantry and cavalry—is not the only indication that the French place great reliance upon their artillery. The batteries as they marched past presented an admirable appearance. The old maxim of "spit and polish" was not as minutely carried out as is the case with the batteries of the United States regular army. The steel hames and collar chains were in some instances not as bright as they might have been, nor were the leather harnesses absolutely immaculate, but the horses are beyond criticism, and everything pertaining to each piece and each caisson is thoroughly serviceable and businesslike.—New York Tribune.

The Most Costly Fruits.

Hothouse grapes are the costliest of fruits. They are never less than 75 cents a pound, and when they are most costly, in February and March, they sell for $9 a pound, sometimes going as high as $10 a pound. At prices ranging up to $2 a pound there is a ready sale for them. At the higher prices they are sold almost exclusively for the use of invalids. There is a sale for all that are produced, but the production is great, and the vines may die from exhaustion after a single season of forcing.

The next most costly fruit is the hothouse peach. Hothouse peaches sell in February at $2.50 each. They are used mainly by invalids, but such peaches are also often sold for gifts. They are presented as flowers or as bonbons would be. Three or four peaches are packed in cotton and set off with a few peach leaves in a handsome box. Hothouse peaches run down to about 60 cents each in April and May, when we begin to get the first of the peaches from the south.—New York Sun.

An Explanatory Hint.

"Why," asked Pat as he came hiccoughing into the Quippery, "is the humble goat always held up as the simile for intoxication—for instance, 'full as a goat?'"

"I cannot guess," answered Tim, "unless"—and he paused meditatively and looked at Pat as if he expected an invitation—"unless it is because he is always ready to throw a horn into anybody."—Pittsburg News.

All animals, domestic ones included, become restless before a storm. Cats and dogs scratch and move about, while their fur looks less bright and glossy than usual. It is always a sure sign of rain when horses and cattle scratch their necks and sniff the air.

The eyesight is very often injured for life by tight lacing.

Everybody Says So.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

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CHICAGO, OCTOBER 16, 1897.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Charles Frohman's Empire Stock Co.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"The Mysterious Mr. Bugle."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Julia Marlowe.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"The Good Mr. Best."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Cat and the Cherub."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Vaudeville.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—Vaudeville.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—"What Great Britain tramples on in Ireland will rise to sting her in America."—*Henry Grattan.*

"'Tis not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel.
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

VICTORIA TRUE TO HER BLOOD.

The publication of the correspondence of the Queen of England with her recent poetical subject, Lord Tennyson, in which she takes strong ground against Home Rule for Ireland leaves no doubt in the public mind that she is truly the granddaughter of that stubborn old ass, George III., whose Tory instincts and policy forced the American colonies to revolt against the tyranny of the so-called 'mother country." Americans have been wont to praise Victoria as a model of all that is good and noble in womanhood; and have been ready to give her credit for liberality as a sovereign. We wonder what they will think of this latest manifestation of her hatred of popular government in Ireland—published, as we understand it, with her full consent. It is almost unexampled that what is called "a constitutional sovereign" should so commit herself, and can only be explained on the ground that she is narrow, mean and spiteful toward Ireland and the Irish ever since the day that Dublin, for excellent reasons, declined to grant a site for the erection of a statue to her late husband, Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, who wrote to the great German savant, Baron Von Humboldt, at the time of the famine, that "the Irish deserved no more sympathy than the Poles, and could eat grass." If we may judge by the paltry amount, in proportion to her salary—which Ireland helps to furnish—contributed by Victoria toward the Irish famine fund—not more than $2,500 if we are not much mistaken—she must have shared the inhuman feeling of her husband toward her Irish subjects. Notwithstanding hypocritical appeals to "etiquette," on the part of the British newspapers, many private individuals and business houses, in both Great Britain and Ireland, contributed more than the stingy sovereign to ward off starvation from their suffering fellow beings. Foreigners—especially foreign potentates—were more or less chained by "etiquette," and at least one of them—the Sultan of Turkey—who wished to give quite a large sum, was prevailed upon to limit his donation to the proportion established by the British sovereign.

No noble minded nation would be ruled over by the swinish race of Guelphs, who were a good riddance for Germany when they were saddled on Great Britain. Nearly all British historians admit that three of the Georges, the first, second and fourth, were destitute of all that makes men acceptable as rulers, equals or associates, and that George III. was most of his life a lunatic, and died one. The dullest of this madman's sons was the father of Victoria. His wife, the Duchess of Kent, "wore the breeches" in that household and any strength of mind her daughter may have comes from her, not from the "royal" dullard from whom she derived her title.

The English have been singularly unfortunate in their selection of lines of sovereigns, and have never been ruled over by an Englishman or Englishwoman, since Harold died at Hastings. The first and second Williams, Henry I. and Stephen were Normans, and spoke only Norman French. The Plantagenets were of the same blood, and it is doubtful if any one of the race spoke English down to the days of Henry IV. French was, in general, the court language of England, until about the time of the Tudors. These latter were a conglomerate of Welsh and French, very slightly intermixed with Saxon blood, which came from the Woodvilles, who intermarried with Edward IV. The Stuarts were Scotch, whose mothers were mostly Frenchwomen. William III. was a mixture of Dutch and Scotch. The Guelphs are Germans, slightly diluted with Stuart blood. The next dynasty will be that of Von Wettin—Prince Albert's surname—and they are about the worst mixture of the lot.

England's rulers, although, as we have shown, foreign by birth or descent, have rarely ever been in conflict with the English people on any other than English questions. The barons of England brought King John and his son, Henry III., to time on the question of Magna Charta. The parliament ousted Richard II., beheaded Charles I. and dethroned James II. because of purely English questions. In the case of James II., favor shown Irish Catholics cut some figure in the latter portion of the controversy; but the English people never found fault with Elizabeth, James and Charles I., Cromwell, William of Orange, Anne, the Georges or Victoria for conquering India, oppressing colonial America or plundering and persecuting the Irish people. On these things, the alien sovereigns have been en rapport with their subjects, and, in being an opponent of Home Rule in Ireland, Victoria is entirely consistent with British "royal" traditions.

THE PURITANS AND THE IRISH.

Thomas Hamilton Murray, secretary-general of the American-Irish Historical society, revising Oliver Hazard Perry Temple's recent publication, "Covenanter, Cavalier and Puritan," in the Pawtucket, R. I., Tribune, says:

"Mr. Temple expresses great surprise and is sincerely sorry at being obliged to acknowledge that the historians of the country have been so silent about these Irish Presbyterians. He laments that Bancroft and several others, even Ramsay, a descendant, make little or no mention of them. 'It is amazing,' he says, 'how little credit they get, how public speakers and historians have neglected them, and how, until recently, they had passed out of the public mind, and were known as a people who had once existed.'

"But the really honest, yet unsophisticated author, unwittingly, himself, betrays the very reason for all this in his very next sentence. 'By many persons, he writes, 'they have been confounded with the native Irish!'—The exclamation point is ours.

"Here is where the reason lies, and it is as plain as the noon-day sun. Yet he cannot see it. He cannot yet comprehend the fact that the English who tried to stamp out the followers of John Knox in Scotland and Ireland, just as those same roundheads and dissenters tried to stifle the Catholics of the same countries, brethren, who 'cut each other's throats in the name of the Lord'—he does not seem yet able to comprehend that the policy of the English at all times, as now, was to make everything that was not English, appear to be unfashionable, uncouth, ungovernable.

"Why, the reason simply is that it became unfashionable to be Irish, first, because most Irishmen were Catholics, and secondly, because England always claimed all eminent men, both in Ireland and Scotland as being her own and to the manor born. No one wanted to be classed with the 'wild Irish,' and (let us whisper it slyly into the ear of the author) isn't that the reason why, even now, we hear so much talk of the 'Scotch-Irish?' And let us suggest to him that the only way to make history know and respect his 'Covenanters' is for their descendants to come out like men, drop the 'Scotch' prefix in their title, and stand squarely on the 'Irish' ground which their ancestors were so proud of, and of which they have no need to feel ashamed.

"No one ever heard of such a title as 'Scotch-Irish' till certain descendants of the Ulster Irishmen of the revolution thought that it would bring them nearer to the throne, and the timidity implied in the halting pseudonym causes a robust man to smile.

"They even admit themselves that 'Scots' was the ancient name for the inhabitants of Ireland and that the latter settled Scotland or peopled it. They must become iconoclasts of self, they must destroy their own weak fetiches, before they will receive their due from history. For true history is iconoclasm personified. It smashes idols as well as ideals until truth, unadorned save in its own beauty, stands forth before the earnest and admiring gaze of man."

We assure Mr. Hamilton Murray that sectarian bigotry is too deeply implanted in the hard-headed, and hearted, descendants of the "grim predestined" Covenanters to be easily uprooted. Like all estranged kindred, the Scotch Puritans dislike the mass of the Irish, because they are Catholic, more than they do Catholic Germans, Catholic French or Catholic Italians. This is always the way with renegades. Many of the Scotch are not Puritans, but, on the contrary, are broad and liberal in their views. Unfortunately, the Puritanical idea has prevailed, to a great extent, among the Protestant Irish of Ulster, and it is this which still enables them to celebrate the small victory of the Boyne annually with so much enthusiasm after the lapse of more than two centuries. The Puritan may have had his attractions in other countries, and among other races, but in Ireland, and in his relations with the Irish, he has been a scourge and a curse. We despair of ever making the Scotch, the Irish or the American Puritan anything better than a soured human being, and a "fretful sectary, bequeathing to posterity insignificance and war."

THOMAS A. DILLON.

The tragical death of Mr. Thomas A. Dillon, President of the Cavanagh Distilling Co., which occurred by drowning in the lake last Saturday morning, has filled the community in which he lived so long, and was so highly respected, with sincere regret. In the ripe prime of manhood—just forty-five years of age—and with, apparently, a long life of happiness and prosperity before him, death called him in a manner startling and utterly unexpected. His health had not been of the best of late, and he was troubled with insomnia for several weeks before his death. He had recently visited the springs at West Baden and returned home only a few days before the sorrowful termination of his life. Those who knew him best saw that he was changed, but not one of his friends anticipated the premature termination of a useful and very honorable career.

Mr. Dillon was a native of Illinois and was the son of highly respectable parents, who gave their children every educational advantage. Two of the sons were ordained Catholic priests, and one of them achieved distinction for devotion to duty and high personal courage as chaplain during the civil war. Both died early in life, universally lamented. Their brother, John, long in business in this city, followed them to the grave many years ago. One sister married the late Patrick Cavanagh, a wealthy and influential citizen of Chicago, former head of the firm of which Mr. Dillon was president when he died. Another sister is a religious. Thomas A. was the last surviving adult male representative of the family, except the son of his brother John, who is a resident of Chicago. He leaves, besides his deeply afflicted widow, a little son and daughter to mourn an irreparable bereavement.

Thomas A. Dillon was a gentleman of fine appearance and excellent disposition. He had hosts of friends not alone in Chicago, but throughout the Union, all of whom sincerely mourn his untimely departure from earthly scenes. He took very little partisan interest in American politics, as his tastes did not run in that direction. Although an American by birth, he always took a deep interest in Irish affairs, and was a warm admirer, and supporter, of the late Charles Stewart Parnell. He was also a prominent member of the Irish-American social club, which existed here for more than a decade, and of which his brother-in-law, Patrick Cavanagh, was one of the chief founders.

In 1884, Mr. Dillon married Miss Sadie Reilly, of Omaha, and engaged in business in that city; but he was too much of a Chicagoan in spirit to remain long away from the city of his choice; and he returned here with his family soon after the happy event to which we have alluded. It is not too much to say that no man who has died here in recent years is more widely regretted than honest, cordial Thomas A. Dillon. His widow, and the other members of his family, have the heartfelt sympathy of thousands of friends who can do no more than grieve with them over the dear one they have lost. For our own part we mourn him as a friend, who fearlessly and devotedly showed his friendship in stormy days that "tried men's souls;" and we lay, with profound sorrow, this humble tribute on his too early grave.

HAND BOOK ON TAXATION.

Hancock & Stone, publishers, this city, have recently issued from their printing press a valuable Hand Book, which gives reliable information to property holders and others relative to taxation of real estate and personal property, licenses, permits, and, in fact, all matters that materially affect the well being of the people. No more useful book has been offered to the public for many years, and it should be in the hands of every man and woman liable to taxation in the State of Illinois. As the prospectus very truly says: Every property owner should know all about taxation; how assessments are made; what to do to obtain a fair valuation of his property; when and where to obtain a copy of the assessor's return against his property; what his rights are before the town board of review; who composes the town board of review, when and where they meet, and how to present a case of complaint; how to proceed if his property has been assessed after the meeting of the town board of review; how to make an appeal to the county board; how to obtain a standing in court if it becomes necessary to resist unfair taxation; his exact liability to taxation; how to make out a proper schedule of his personal property; the full force of a tax lien before accepting a mortgage on real estate; when personal property becomes liable for taxes on real estate, and vice versa; how, where and when to redeem his property if sold for taxes, and the penalty he must pay thereon; how, where and when to redeem his property before sold for taxes; all about the new law on special assessments for local improvements—in force July 1, '97; how to obtain a rebate if there be such coming to him from overpayments on special taxation; all about city water taxes, whether his bills are correct or not, and how to obtain rebates for overcharges, vacancies, etcetera.

THE EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

For some weeks past in the advertising columns has appeared the announcement that the United Irish Societies are seeking employment for the men of their race in this city. It is beyond our understanding how so excellent and philanthropic an institution as the Employment Bureau could exist without winning the endorsement and support of every Irish-American in Chicago, and, in fact, outside of it. It is also impossible to understand why the intelligent and progressive among the people referred to could be blind to the splendid and noble influence a successful enterprise of this character can wield for the betterment of the working classes.

The well-to-do, the employers of the people constantly and dolefully bemoan the pernicious influence of the political "spoils system" over the men of Irish race in large cities and towns. They point with averted eyes to Celtic aggressiveness in earning and dividing the rewards of political endeavor. Does it never strike those well-meaning individuals that the Celt would prefer independent employment in the avenues and marts of commerce if he had an equal chance with other people? Does it ever occur to the wise ones, who lecture from the fence, that all other nationalities have prosperous employment agencies except the people they criticize?

All the nations represented in this cosmopolitan city have societies with organized auxiliaries, whose duties for years have been the obtaining of positions for those of their kin who are unfortunate enough to be compelled to seek for what may be called intermittent work from month to month. All these societies are properly subsidized by yearly subscription from those whose careers have been crowned with success. The Irish people alone were left without so useful an adjunct to their large and supposedly influential, societies until 1895, when, for the first time, the need of such an institution was recognized by the convention of the United Irish Societies held in June of that year.

The varying fortunes of the enterprise have taught the promoters and managers that to be successful they must have the sympathy and hearty cooperation of all interested in the elevation of their race. The success of the Employment Bureau means the emancipation of the work-seeking element from political dependency of any kind. How many times have we noticed that when individuals have assisted some poor fellow to a chance of earning a living, the patron seemed to believe he owned the protege body, conscience and vote!

Success of the Employment Bureau means the drawing together, through the mutual sympathy of co-operation of the divided classes of our people. Support the Employment Bureau and the public spirited men of our race will note an elevation of the manhood, and an increase of honest independent spirit among the Irish-American workingmen of our city.

Make a success of the Employment Bureau, and you do more to purify politics and blight the attraction of the political job than can be accomplished by all the mismanaged civil service systems that ever wearied the patience of a suffering community.

A CLERICAL ARMY POST.

Notre Dame Post of the Grand Army of the Republic was recently organized in one of the halls of Notre Dame University, Indiana. The commander of the new post is the Rev. William Corby, who was chaplain of Meagher's Irish Brigade, First Division, Second Corps, Army of the Potomac, throughout the civil war. He is now chaplain of the Indiana commandery of the Loyal Legion, to which he was nominated by Gen. Lew Wallace. The membership of the post will be unavoidably small, as it contains only one lay member, Col. W. E. Hoynes, one of the professors at the university. Following is a list of the membership: 1, Father Corby, who gave absolution to the Irish Brigade on the second day of the battle of Gettysbury; 2, John McInerny, Brother Anastasius, 83d Ohio; 3, James McLain, Brother Leander, 24th Infantry, regular army; 4, Col. William E. Hoynes; 5, James Mantele, Brother Benedict, 1st Pennsylvania Artillery; 6, Gen. William A. Olmstead, New York Volunteers and 2d Army Corps; 7, Mark A. Wells, Brother John Chrysostom, 123d Pennsylvania; 8, Ignace Mayer, Brother Ignatius, 157th Pennsylvania; 9, James C. Malloy, Brother Raphael, 54th Pennsylvania; 10, Rev. P. P. Cooney, 35th Indiana; 11, Very Rev. William Corby, Commander Post, 2d Army Corps; 12, Nicholas A. Bath, Brother Cosmos, 10th Maryland.

NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY OPENED.

The magnificent new Chicago Public Library, of which the Hon. F. H. Hild is the popular Librarian, was opened to the public with great eclat last Saturday evening. Nearly 5,000 people were congregated in the splendid hall of the institution, and the exercises were highly interesting and impressive. The opening address was delivered by President Azel F. Hatch, of the Library Board, and the Rt.-Rev. Charles E. Cheney uttered the invocation. Eloquent addresses were delivered by Corporation Counsel Thornton, who represented Mayor Harrison, absent taking care of the State's honor at Nashville; and the Rev. Dr. Emil G. Hirsch. Chicago may well congratulate herself on having a library fit to rank in the first class, and bound, before many generations pass away, to be the greatest in the world.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. McM., City—Don't be too hypercritical, if you know what that means, and try to remember that, as exemplified in your case, "a little learning is a dangerous thing." Persons of your calibre are ever ready to pick out flaws, but are never known to acknowledge the merits of anything. You are, evidently, much "struck on yourself," and think you "know it all." In strict confidence, we advise you to amend your orthography and begin every sentence with a capital letter. But, perhaps, so "smart" a fellow as you are may disdain ordinary correctness of composition. By the way, in looking over our subscription list, we find you deeply in arrears. Settle up first and criticise afterward.

SECRETARY SHERMAN'S note to Salisbury convicts the latter of being a most accomplished diplomatic liar, if not cursed with the worst of memories.

THE bold Democratic legion has returned home safe and sound from Nashville.

JACK TANNER has returned to Springfield, where a frost is reported. Who's afraid?

IT is a pity that the followers of Mr. Redmond could not have held their convention in Dublin on the 11th inst. without abusing Davitt, Dillon and other Irishmen, who are trying to do their best for the relief of the distressed Irish people.

A DERRY correspondent writes: A number of laborers at work in a field near Manorcunningham about twelve miles from the city of Derry, have made a remarkable discovery and one that is sure to attract the attention of the antiquaries. At the depth of several feet they came on a flagstone which on being removed disclosed an underground passage which led to a stable with stalls for twenty horses. Ancient implements of warfare were lying about. Crowds are flocking to the place in wonderment at the curious sight.

NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY, Ind., celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its founding, with appropriate ceremonies, on Tuesday.

MAYOR HARRISON "did himself proud."

BILLY MASON has lost none of his brains in becoming a senator.

CAPT. THOMAS BRENAN intimates that the president of the Normal school is a native of South Africa.

WE thank the Hon. Thomas A. Moran for the high eulogium passed on the Chicago Citizen at the Columbus Club banquet, and modestly bow our thanks. The judge always had an appreciative turn of mind.

A MEMBER of the Gaelic League, while on his holidays near Ballinrobe, came across a type of barbarian which, we hope, is rare in our land. He reported his find at the last meeting of the League, which is doing such splendid service in the cause of our grand old tongue. This particular specimen of archaic ignorance and darkness of understanding happens to be a national school teacher, and the way in which he displays his barbarous tendencies is by beating the young children of his school whenever he happens to hear them speak a word of Irish. Truly a model Irish educationalist! The district in which this pro-Sassenach character is allowed to so gravely misconduct himself is nearly altogether Irish speaking, so that the children are unaccustomed from their tender years to the use of the strangers' tongue. This man, not content with teaching the youngsters how to express themselves in English, must needs take such violent measures as beating the poor little ones in order to make them discard the beautiful language in which they learned to lisp their infant prayers. Such conduct is positively sickening to hear of in this enlightened age. We have this schoolmaster's name in our possession, and if any further reports reach us of a continuance of his ignorant cruelty we shall print it in these columns with his full address.—Weekly Independent.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

The opening meeting of the Irish-American Lyceum will be held in Unity hall, 77 Thirty-first street, Thursday evening, Oct. 28, commencing at 8:30 o'clock. A very interesting subject for debate has been selected, and a musical programme of a high standard will be provided. Application for admission tickets should be made to T. J. Sherlock, secretary, 193 Dearborn avenue, who will furnish same gratis. Those desirous of going on the programme at any of the regular meetings should communicate with the secretary as above.

J. J. S.

MISS O'BRIEN'S CONCERT.

So much has been written about Miss Bessie O'Brien of Springfield, Ill., who is to give a concert at Central Music hall, on the evening of Oct. 20, that there is little left to be chronicled. However at this time a brief review will prove interesting, perhaps, especially to those who are unacquainted with the young lady. Miss O'Brien was born at Springfield a little more than eighteen years ago. She was educated by the nuns of the Ursuline convent in that city. At the age of 11 years she grew into the habit of accompanying to the choir loft her sister Mary who was then, and is now, organist at St. Agnes' church. Miss Bessie joined her voice in the chorus and her voice developed so rapidly in volume and quality that within two years she was the soprano soloist of the choir. She then took

MISS BESSIE O'BRIEN.

vocal instructions from a local teacher for two years and shortly thereafter sang a solo at St. Jarlath's church, this city, which received flattering mention in the Chicago Tribune the next morning. Miss O'Brien then went to Paris to continue her studies, and has progressed very much under the careful and exacting guidance of the famous Mme. Marchesi.

Miss O'Brien's voice is a grand soprano of great range power and richness. She has not yet completed her studies, but is prepared sufficiently for concert work. Mme. Marchesi in an interview with a Chicago reporter last summer said the finest voices at that time came from America and mentioned Miss O'Brien as one of her most promising pupils, adding that "she possesses the divine spark which will some day fire the public." Miss O'Brien will sing at her concert an aria from "Samson et Dalila," an "Ave Maria" by Chipman and "Kathleen Mavourneen." She is the guest of Mrs. Lloyd, 529 South Oakley avenue, while in the city.

CATHOLIC WOMAN'S NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Mrs. John C. Robinson, chairman of the annual Charity Ball, to be given under the auspices of the Catholic Woman's National League at the Auditorium, Nov. 30, 1897, has taken up her headquarters at room 205, Handel hall, 40 Randolph street, where she will be found from 9 to 5 o'clock. All communications addressed to her will receive prompt attention.

THE COLUMBUS CLUB BANQUET.

The banquet of the Columbus club, held at the rooms on Monroe street Tuesday evening, was largely attended, and was a very enjoyable social event. President J. J. Egan delivered a very happy address of welcome. The Rev. E. M. Dunne, D. D., LL. D., responded to "The Holy Father." Col. Parker spoke about Columbus and his voyage. Mr. E. O. Brown stood up eloquently for "Our City." Hon. Thomas A. Moran was at his best in responding to "The Evolution of the Citizen," in which he did, as he could not help doing, full justice to the Chicago Citizen—a character universally known, respected and looked up to, as the dispenser of wisdom and civic virtue. "Our State" was characteristically responded to by Mr. Clarence S. Darrow. Mayor Harrison sent his excuses, pleading excessive mental and physical fatigue after his trip to Nashville, whereat his stalwart and indefatigable sire would have laughed heartily had he been in the flesh. However Carter H. II. wrote a good letter of regret and was liberally applauded. Schoessling's orchestra and the Oriental Male Quartet furnished music, instrumental and vocal, throughout the evening. It was well on toward daylight when the happy company finally separated.

PERSONAL.

Judge Walter J. Gibbons returned to the city on Tuesday, after a most enjoyable trip with the County Democratic club to Indianapolis, Louisville, Nashville and Cincinnati. He expresses himself highly pleased with the hospitality of the Sunny South, and was delighted with the Nashville Exposition. Up to date, he claims, Irish Day, Sept. 21, was the greatest event of the season.

Mr. Timothy E. Ryan, West Town Assessor, was enthusiastically welcomed by personal and political friends Tuesday evening when he reached Chicago, after a visit to Ireland and the continent. He was met at the depot by a committee of twenty-five in carriages, headed by P. J. O'Brien and John Coffee. The party proceeded to Mr. Ryan's home, No. 63 Macalister place, where about 400 persons shouted welcomes. State Senator Joseph P. Mahoney made the address of welcome and Mr. Ryan responded, thanking those who had so greatly honored him. Refreshments were served and the party listened to speech, song and recital.

WE'LL KEEP ON THE FIGHT.

BY P. T. M'G.

We'll keep on the fight, though we do it alone,
Our flag of defiance unfurled;
Even though every falchion were sheathed but our own,
And recreant prove all the world.
'Tis the same holy cause that we vow to defend,
Our fathers have died in defending—
Shall we, their proud heirs, to the foreigner bend,
While they, to the death, were unbending?

Our foe may be mighty, and slaves laud his name,
And load him with counterfeit glory!
And gloat o'er his crimes, and his virtues proclaim,
Though his soul is with blood stained and gory.
They may sneer at our struggle as hopeless and vain,
That our bonds are too strong to dissever—
But 'tis better to perish resisting the chain,
Than submit to its fetters forever.

We may fail, but the cause we shall leave to our sons
Unsullied and pure as we found it,
And 'twill live while one drop in our Irish veins runs,
Or Freedom in triumph has crowned it.
What matter if blame be the patriot's meed,
And our failure but add one more page to the story?
'Twill help those who follow at least to succeed,
And the greater will then, if delayed, be our glory.

COMING EVENTS.

Miss Alice Teresa Higgins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Higgins, will be united in marriage to Mr. Michael D. Dunne at All Saints' church, Wallace street and Twenty-fifth place, Wednesday evening, Oct. 20.

Miss Cecilia Cudahy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Cudahy, of No. 3138 Michigan avenue, will be married to Mr. John Casserly, of San Francisco, Wednesday morning, Oct. 27. The ceremony will take place at St. James' church, Wabash avenue, near Twenty-seventh street, and will be performed by Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco, a lifelong friend of the Cudahy family. The groom is the son of one of San Francisco's brightest and best known lawyers, who, during his life, was the central figure in many of the noted civil cases of the west. After the marriage the young couple will reside in California.

FOR OF HOME RULE.

No little talk has been aroused in political circles in London over passages in Lord Tennyson's biography which nearly all the reviewers purposely or accidentally overlook. These passages, in letters between Lord Tennyson and the Queen, furnish the first direct evidence of the Queen's bitter and active hostility to the home rule policy of her then constitutional advisers and quite upset the notion that the Queen has become the mere echo of her ministers' views.

It is a well-known fact that the letters are now published by the deliberate wish of her majesty. This lends peculiar interest and importance to the disclosure, suggesting either her belief that Irish home rule is dead beyond recall, though Mr. John Morley has this week again nailed the home rule colors to the Liberal mast, or else her fixed determination to withhold her acceptance of any such constitutional change. Mr. Gladstone was the Queen's prime minister in June, 1885, and by the constitution the recipient of her political confidences; yet she was at this time writing to Lord Tennyson on political topics in a letter which is withheld, but which, as Lord Tennyson's reply suggests, was in opposition to Mr. Gladstone's views.

Again, in April, 1886, two days after Mr. Gladstone, again as the Queen's first minister, introduced the home rule bill in the commons, the Queen writes: "I cannot in this letter allude to politics, but I know what your feelings must be," which Lord Tennyson accepts in his reply as a reference to "the disastrous policy of the day," and declares that he would die rather than see the rebellious loyalists of Ulster repressed.

This evidence of the Queen's stepping outside of her constitutional advisers to condemn the Irish cause, and possibly embarrass her ministers, will certainly cause much pain in Ireland, if it does not create political troubles. Even the Times questions whether it is discreet to publish the letters.

Sheridan in Battle.

Gen. Horace Porter, in his "Campaigning With Grant" in the October Century, says of Sheridan at Appomattox: No one could look at Sheridan at such a moment without a sentiment of undisguised admiration. In this campaign, as in others, he had shown himself possessed of military traits of the highest order. Bold in conception, self-reliant, demonstrating by his acts that "much danger makes great hearts most resolute," fertile in resources, combining the restlessness of a Hotspur with the patience of a Fabius, it is no wonder that he should have been looked upon as the wizard of the battlefield. Generous of his life, gifted with the ingenuity of a Hannibal, the dash of a Murat, the courage of a Ney, the magnetism of his presence roused his troops to deeds of individual heroism, and his unconquerable columns rushed to victory with all the confidence of Cæsar's Tenth Legion. Wherever blows fell thickest, there was his crest. Despite the valor of the defense, opposing ranks went down before the fierceness of his onsets, never to rise again; and he would not pause till the folds of his banner waved above the strongholds he had wrested from the foe. Brave Sheridan! I can almost see him now; his silent clay again quickened into life, once more riding "Rienzi" through a fire of hell, leaping opposing earthworks at a single bound, and leaving nothing of those who barred his way except the fragments scattered in his path. As long as manly courage is talked of, or heroic deeds are honored, the hearts of a grateful people will beat responsive to the mention of the talismanic name of Sheridan.

HYMENEAL.

MULLANEY-LYNCH.

Miss Theresa Lynch, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Lynch, 556 Dearborn avenue, was married to Mr. Thomas Francis Mullaney on Tuesday, Oct. 12, Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan officiating. The young couple will be at home to their friends on Tuesday, Nov. 23, at No. 502 West Adams street, from 2 until 6 o'clock.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

If ever Nature, and experiences intense and varied, dowered a man with all that makes a poet, that man was John Boyle O'Reilly. We need not pause to tell the familiar story of his life, a story stranger than any fiction; the early consecration of his splendid gifts to the cause of his country, his banishment to the living hell of an English penal colony, in which he remained true to his higher nature and from which he escaped to liberty, the love of wife and children, wealth, fame,—

"And rising still from high to higher,
Becomes, on fortune's crowning slope,
The pillar of a people's hope
The centre of a world's desire."

And yet, thus crowned with what this world calls success, he was not happy. He saw his country in chains, its hungry children, "challenging his bread and meat"; and his heart bled for the negro escaping from slavery only to be shunned as though he was the Ishmael, his white brother the Isaac, of humanity. His all-embracing tenderness was wounded by the sight of—

"The little hands too skilful,
And the child-mind choked with weeds."

And the great city had nothing sweet in it for him "but the patient lives of the poor." In proportion to his hatred of moral courage, and of all that strove to ease the universal misery.—Mary M. Daly in Donahoe's.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Moore's Change of Sentiment.

In view of the comment aroused by the discovery that the name of Thomas Moore was omitted from the roll of poets in the Congressional library on the ground that he had bitterly attacked America, and particularly Thomas Jefferson, a letter written by Moore in 1816, twelve years after his American poems were published, to the editor of the Philadelphia Portfolio, is of great interest in showing the poet's change of attitude. The original letter is in the possession of Senator George F. Hoar, who has given it to the Worcester Gazette for publication. In this letter the poet says:

"This life is just long enough to commit errors in, but too short to allow us time to repair them, and there are few of my errors I regret more sincerely than the rashness I was guilty of in publishing those crude and boyish tirades against the Americans. My sentiments, both with respect to the national and individual character, are much changed since then, and I should blush, as a lover of liberty, if I allowed the hasty prejudice of my youth to blind me now to the bright promise which America affords of a better and happier order of things than the world has ever yet witnessed. If you but continue to be as good republicans as we of Europe seem determined to be good royalists, the new and old world need soon have no other distinction than the hemisphere of freedom and the hemisphere of slaves.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

A Remarkable Find in Lough Alla, County Roscommon.

A most remarkable relic of antiquity was discovered recently in Lough Alla, on the property of Mr. George Kelly, B.L., between Hillstreet and Strokestown. A canoe was found about forty yards out from one of the islands in the lake, in about five feet of water, its length being 33 feet 6 inches, width in stern 2 feet 10 inches and width in bow 1 foot 8 inches. The peculiarity about this ancient canoe being that it was patched with long laths of wood, which were fastened with broad-headed nails, showing that it was repaired at a subsequent date to the period of its manufacture. The boat was built of solid oak. Adjacent to where this unique relic was found, a large vase or bowl, constructed of hammered bronze, was also found, bearing the marks of the hammer all over it, and being about the size of a large preserving pan, and bearing traces of fire on the outside of the bottom. The canoe and the vase are believed by those versed in antiquarian matters, to have belonged to the ninth or tenth century. This unique find is attracting the attention of all lovers of Irish antiquities, and has been visited by large numbers of people since it was brought to the surface of the water, who are anxious to see such a splendid specimen of our ancient Irish art. The articles are on view at the residence of Mr. G. Kelly, B.L.

THE CROPPIES' GRAVE.

BY MARTIN M'DERMOTT.

There is a spot the herd will pass,
Nor taste its rank, luxuriant grass;
There is a mound that flower or sun
Can never tempt the child upon;
But on that mound have old men lain,
Bedewing it with tears like rain,
And young men, full of purpose brave,
Come there to bless the Croppies' Grave.

The Croppies' Grave—oh! love it well!
The spot where true men fighting fell;
Traitors to wrong, and might, and fraud,
But true to Ireland and to God—
Who dared the freeman's sword to draw
To vindicate the freeman's law—
And from the land they could not save
Took its last gift—the Croppies' Grave.

Heaven be their bed; not, not in vain
Their blood was lavished on the plain;
Not all in vain that greener grass
Sighs to the young men as they pass.
I see the lip, I mark the eye,
That mutely send their stern reply—
"Thank God! high yet the flag shall wave
That fell beside the Croppies' Grave."

Liberty Council, I. N. A.

Liberty Council, Irish National Alliance, will hold its regular monthly meeting Friday, Oct. 15, at 8 p. m., in Dougherty's hall, No. 446 West Twelfth street. A pleasant and agreeable time is expected, and a good turn out of the members is looked for on that occasion.

M. HEANY, President.
PATRICK RICE, Secretary.

Mothers Praise Hood's Sarsaparilla, because, by its great blood enriching qualities, it gives rosy cheeks and vigorous appetites to pale and puny children.

Hood's Pills are the favorite family cathartic and liver medicine. Price 25c.

Considering Irish Distress.

In reply to a petition signed by sixty-four members of the Irish party in the house of commons asking the government to call a special session of parliament to deal with the exceptional distress in Ireland, Arthur J. Balfour, first lord of the treasury and government leader in the house of commons, has written to John Dillon, the Irish leader in the house, as follows: "The government has observed the partial failure of the potato crop with great concern and is watching anxiously the condition of the people in the threatened districts. There is no need, however, to summon parliament earlier than is customary, because, should the apprehensions of the memorialists be unhappily realized, the executive is empowered to adopt the necessary measures without waiting for the sanction of parliament."

WANTED

The address of Edward Geraghty, son of Patrick Geraghty and Bridget McGuire, formerly of Buckwaria, near Westport, county Mayo, Ireland. He came to this country forty-eight years ago, and is now about 70 years of age. Please address Police Officer No. 1767, Twenty-seventh Precinct, Desplaines street station, Chicago, Ill.

Almost Inside Out

The stomach that is not turned thus by a shaking up on the "briny wave" must be a well fortified one. The gastric apparatus can be rendered proof against sea sickness with that stomachic so popular among travelers by sea and land—Hostetters Stomach Bitters. It defends the system against malaria and rheumatism, and subdues liver complaint, constipation and dyspepsia.

Prosperity in Belgium.

Belgium is a smaller country than Ireland, and is not any more lavishly endowed by nature than this country is. But Belgium has home rule, and mark the result. Last year the grand total of goods imported into and exported from the country was £230,300,800. This figure is larger than the return of 1895 by £5,280,000, or, in other words, an increase of about 4 per cent. The total value of importation into Belgium was £121,476,008. According to the official statistics, transit trade contributed £50,428,000, and imports for home consumption £71,068,000 towards this total. But there can be no doubt that the figures for home consumption are unduly large, as it frequently happens that transit goods, upon which no customs duties are levied, are declared for home consumption in order to avoid the formalities connected with transit declaration. The total exportations from Belgium during 1896 amounted in value to £108,800,000, which figure when compared with the return for 1895, shows an increase of 6 per cent. Goods of Belgian origin contributed £59,076,000 towards the total value of exports, an increase of £3,300,000 on the return of 1895.—Ex.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, $1. All druggists.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

Gen. Hoche.

The death of the gallant Gen. Hoche, which took place on Sept. 18, 1797, was greatly mourned by the United Irishmen, as well it might be, for he was a sincere and influential friend of their cause. Their organ, The Press, established by Arthur O'Connor in Dublin, in its number of Dec. 7, 1797, had the following lines dedicated to his memory:

ON HOCHE'S DEATH.

Weep, Gallia, weep! in sorrow droop thy head,
Thy Hoche, thy hero, and thy friend is dead.
That man so truly great in Freedom's cause,
That brave defender of his country's laws;
Who from her fields the Pitt-leagued tyrants chased,
And all the hordes of slaves that laid them waste;
Made the crowned robbers of his native soil
Shake on their blood-stained thrones, and quit their spoil;
Now, pale and breathless, lo! the hero lies,
As envious fate had called him to the skies.
But still unconquered, tho' resigned his breath,
He springs immortal from the arms of death.
O friend of man, upon thy honored bier,
The good and brave shall drop a grateful tear.
Bright be thy fame, thy virtues from oblivion save,
And snatch thy honors from the silent grave,
From age to age thy glorious deeds impart,
And make thy monument each patriot's heart.
—Nation.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

First National Bank

OF CHICAGO,

Statement of condition at close of business Oct. 5, 1897.

ASSETS.

Loans and discounts		$18,143,339.08
Bank building		500,000.00
U. S. bonds (par value)		664,000.00
Other bonds (market value)		1,140,632.00
Bond premiums		11,531.17
Cash resources:		
Due from banks (Eastern ex.)	$ 8,026,574.26	
Checks for Clearing House	1,202,446.35	
Cash on hand	13,357,527.33	
Due from U. S. Treasurer	49,250.00	
		22,856,809.94
Total		$43,318,322.19

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 3,000,000.00
Surplus fund	2,000,000.00
Other undivided profits	192,685.04
Deposits	38,125,637.15
Total	$43,318,322.19

OFFICERS.

SAMUEL M. NICKERSON, Prest.
RICHARD J. STREET, Cashier.
JAMES B. FORGAN, Vice-Prest.
HOLMES HOGE, Asst. Cashier.
GEO. D. BOULTON, 2d Vice-Prest.
FRANK E. BROWN, 2d Asst. Cash.

DIRECTORS.

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R. C. NICKERSON, NELSON MORRIS,
E. F. LAWRENCE, EUGENE S. PIKE,
NORMAN B. REAM, A. A. CARPENTER,
GEO. D. BOULTON.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

OF THE

CHICAGO NATIONAL BANK,

At the close of Business, Oct. 5, 1897.

RESOURCES:

Loans and discounts		$4,390,657.76
Overdrafts		2,647.39
U. S. bonds for circulation		50,000.00
Other bonds on hand		1,409,073.76
CASH ASSETS.		
Cash on hand	$2,224,607.50	
Due from banks	2,477,002.85	
Checks for Clearings	444,722.14	
Due from U. S. Treasurer	16,600.00	
		5,271,022.49
Total		$11,213,401.40

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 500,000.00
Surplus fund	500,000.00
Undivided profits	101,068.26
Dividends unpaid	1,835 00
Bank notes outstanding	45,000.00
Individual deposits	8,495,857.61
Due banks	1,569,600.43
	10,065,457.04
Total	$11,213,401.40

DIRECTORS:

C. K. G. BILLINGS, J. R. WALSH,
ANDREW M'NALLY, F. M. BLOUNT,
M. ROSENFELD, JOHN M. SMYTH,
WILLIAM BEST.

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F. M. BLOUNT, Cashier.
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JOHN M. SMYTH CO.,

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HOUSEHOLD GOODS,
PIANOS AND ORGANS,
130 to 166 West Madison Street,
Near Halsted.

P. B. FLANAGAN, ATTORNEY, 1315-17 ASHLAND BLOCK.

ESTATE OF ROSE CONLON, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of Rose Conlon, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of November, A. D. 1897, being the 15th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, September 29, 1897.

JOSEPH D. CONLON, Administrator.
P. B. Flanagan, Attorney.

IRISH EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

Established in 1893.

Under the Auspices of the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook County.

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All Employers Who Desire the Services of Deserving Irish-American Men and Women will be supplied with Competent Help on application to the Manager, Daniel O'Connor, at the above address.

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JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
and Attorney and Counselor at Law,
SUITE 616, 618 & 620 REAPER BLOCK
N. E. Cor. Washington & Clark Sts.
TELEPHONE MAIN 4224. CHICAGO.

WALTER J. GIBBONS,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
27 North Clark Street, Room 14.
Residence 225 Osgood Street.
TELEPHONE NORTH 58.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

WILLIAM A. CUNNEA,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR,
59 DEARBORN-ST., SUITE 811,
(Real Estate Board Building).
CHICAGO.

JOHN P. McGOORTY

Counselor-at-Law,
616, 618 and 620 REAPER BLOCK.
N. E. Cor. Washington and Clark sts.
Telephone Main 4224. CHICAGO.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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TELEPHONE MAIN 2681.

Geo. E. Gorman,

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Mines at Brazil, Ind., and Mecca, Ind.

Telephone, South 404. CHICAGO.

STEAM COAL A SPECIALTY.

STRUNG UP A JUDGE.

REFUSED TO GIVE HIS NAME AND WAS HUNG BY THE THUMBS.

How a Young Lieutenant Carried Out Orders and Came Near Getting Into Trouble—President Lincoln Stood by the Soldier Who Did His Duty.

"I was only 19 years of age and held a lieutenant's commission in the Fifth infantry when an event occurred which gave me a great deal of unsought notoriety," said a department official the other night. "Not only was the notoriety unsought, but it was exceedingly undesirable," he added, "for it almost made an old man of me in a single day. It was an experience calculated to try the discipline and determination of any young officer."

"What kind of an experience did you have?"

"I had merely a routine duty to perform, but it was exciting. The regiment was stationed at Santa Fe, and the department was under martial law. The war had just commenced, and people were averse to obeying military orders, but they learned obedience very soon. It was ordered that no person should enter the city of Santa Fe nor depart from it without registering his name with the provost marshal. The order was positive and was rigidly enforced. One afternoon, when I was officer of the day and, having attended to my duties, was lying down in my tent reading a book, an orderly reported that there was a man in the custody of the provost marshal who refused to give his name. Putting aside my book, I donned my uniform and sash and proceeded to the guardhouse.

"There, in the midst of as tough a looking gang as one ever saw, stood a well dressed, distinguished looking gentleman. When I asked him why he was in custody, he informed me that he was under arrest because he had refused to give his name or to register with the provost marshal. When I politely requested him to go with me and register, he responded, 'You know me well enough and do not need ask my name.' When I assured him that I had never seen him before and I requested him to comply with the order under which I was acting, he refused indignantly to do so.

"I then ordered the guards to take him to the parade ground and tie him to the flagstaff. Upon arriving there I again begged him to be reasonable and give his name, but he obstinately refused to do so. Then I ordered the men to tie him up by the thumbs. After leaving him in that position for three minutes he was let down, but again remained obstinately silent. He was drawn up again, and after leaving him in that painful position nearly ten minutes he was let down, but scornfully declined to answer my most polite request to give me his name. I begged him to relieve me of the necessity of resorting to more force and to relieve himself of further humiliation and physical pain, but he scorned me. There I was on the parade ground with that gentleman, who was manifestly of more than ordinary ability and consequence in the world, and in the presence of the regimental staff, I, a young officer, a mere stripling, and yet the officer of the day, was trying to compel him to give his name in accordance with the order of the commanding officer of the department.

"He remained stolidly silent, and then I ordered the guards to buck and gag him. It was a painful scene, which I shall never forget. The soldiers did their duty, bound him in an uncomfortable position and gagged him so tightly that the blood ran from his mouth. That was more than I had intended to be done the first time, and it was more than I could bear to see, so I ordered his release.

"As he stood up, trembling with pain, passion and humiliation, he said: 'I am Joseph G. Knapp, chief justice of the supreme court of the territory of New Mexico.' I immediately ordered his release from custody, and he returned to the Hotel Fonda, where he had registered upon his arrival. His presence in Santa Fe was no secret, and nearly everybody knew him. Therefore he may have reasoned that I knew him and was merely making a parade of my authority needlessly in asking him his name and compelling him to give it. You may be very sure that I regretted the occurrence when I heard him announce his name, his title and his official standing, as, indeed, I had sincerely regretted the entire scene from the first."

"Was anything done about it officially?"

"Well, I should say so! Colonel Carleton, commanding the post, wrote a report of the affair, which he characterized as brutal, and recommended proceedings against me, although he knew that I had only done my duty in the premises. If an obscure citizen had refused to give his name, as Judge Knapp had done, Colonel Carleton would have commended my course. As it was, Judge Knapp and Colonel Carleton were bosom friends and had been for years. Therefore he was biased in the matter. The papers were finally laid before President Lincoln, who had meantime been seen by some of my friends, who told him the true story of the affair, and the president wrote on the back of Colonel Carleton's report:

This young man has simply done his duty and is released from arrest. A. LINCOLN.

"Did you ever meet with Judge Knapp afterward?"

"Several times, but we were never on speaking terms. He was not only a prominent official, a great jurist and a popular gentleman, but he was also one of the proprietors of the St. Louis Republican, now called The Republic."—Washington Cor. Philadelphia Times.

A SOAP BUBBLE.

The Relation of Its Varying Thinness to the Colors It Shows.

The extreme thinness of the bubble is indeed wonderful. It is estimated that the film in some places is only one three-millionths of an inch in thickness. Probably few of us can conceive of such thinness. Let me express it in another way. The Old and the New Testament contain some 3,000,000 of letters. Now one three-millionth is such a part of an inch as the first letter of the Bible is a part of the sum of all of its letters.

The bubble, however, is not of equal thickness at all points, and it is for this reason that it has the various colors. For instance, wherever the film is orange red it measures about three-millionths of an inch; where it is blue, eighty one-millionths of an inch, and at a point where lemon yellow is prominent about twenty one-millionths of an inch. Perhaps you wonder why the colors change from one part of the soap bubble to another. This is because the film of the soap bubble evaporates and grows thinner, but unequally so at different portions. A greenish blue with a pale rose red spot near it indicates an extreme thinness, and at such a point the film is ready to give way at the least jar.

You will be glad to know the source of the beautiful colors. Every one is delighted with them, even if not interested by the explanation of their origin. We may say that they come from the light. Light gives color to all objects, but not exactly as it does to the soap bubble. White light from the sun can be broken into the seven colors which we have seen in the rainbow. In that instance the raindrops separate it into its parts. A glass prism will do the same, as you may prove by looking through a glass pendant from a hanging lamp. When the light reaches the surface of the soap bubble, a part is reflected from it, and we see images on its surface as if it were a curved mirror. Another portion of the light, however, enters the film and is separated so that parts of the seven colors are thrown into the bubble, and we can see them at various portions of the opposite surface. Another part of the light, after being broken by the film, is reflected by its inner surface back to our eyes, so that we see colors at the point where the light enters.—Jacob F. Bucher in St. Nicholas.

THE WONDERS OF A WATCH.

Few Persons Know How Great Its Marvelous Powers Are.

A Boston jeweler who has a talent for advertising as well as a genius for mechanics has been reminding his patrons lately that a watch is the smallest, most delicate machine that was ever constructed of the same number of parts. About 175 different pieces of material enter into its construction and upward of 2,400 separate operations are comprised in its manufacture.

Some of the facts connected with its performance are simply incredible, when considered in total. A blacksmith strikes several thousand blows on his anvil in a day and is right glad when Sunday comes around, but the roller jewel of a watch makes every day and day after day 432,000 impacts against the fork, or 157,680,000 blows in a year without stop or rest, or 3,153,600,000 in the short space of 20 years.

These figures are beyond the grasp of our feeble intellects, but the marvel does not stop here. It has been estimated that the power that moves the watch is equivalent to only four times the force used in a flea's jump; consequently it might be called a four flea power. One horsepower would suffice to run 270,000,000 watches.

Now the balance wheel of a watch is moved by this four flea power one and forty-three one-hundredths inches with each vibration—3,558¾ miles continuously in one year.

If you would preserve the timekeeping qualities of your watch, you should take it to a competent watchmaker once every 18 months.—Youth's Companion.

Worth Appreciated.

In his younger days the late Mr. W. H. Smith was usually present to see the morning papers dispatched, and one morning something at one of the offices had gone wrong, so that there was great risk of that paper missing the trains. Mr. Smith, recognizing the difficulty, threw off his coat, worked away as hard as any of his subordinates and had the satisfaction of seeing the vans leave with just time to catch the trains.

He was afterward leaning over one of the tables reading a paper, still in his shirt sleeves, when one of the men, mistaking him for a mate, gave him a resounding smack on his broad back, exclaiming:

"Well, Jack, old man, we got that lot away smartly." When "W. H." raised himself, the man rushed away, terrified by his blunder.

On coming on duty at night the man received a note addressed to him, which he concluded contained the "sack," but to his surprise it was to inform him that from the end of that week he would be a foreman. "W. H." had sense enough to see that a man who was so delighted at having accomplished a difficult task for his employers was made of the right stuff.—Pearson's Weekly.

Motherly Solicitude.

Miss Ante—It's funny about our old cat. We can't keep her away from the poker table.

Mr. Age—Nothing strange about that. Naturally she's looking after the "kitty."—New York Tribune.

Spain has 22,966 elementary schools, but only 41 per cent of the children receive even the rudiments of an education. The teachers receive only $25 to $400 per year, and most of them are unable to collect that.

It is said that it costs $23.82 an acre to raise wheat in Massachusetts.

SHOES CAME BACK.

HOW MR. AND MRS. ALGERNON SMITH DISPOSED OF A NUISANCE.

They Couldn't Sell the Things, Couldn't Give Them Away and Were Not Permitted to Lose Them—Finally Smith Thought of the Furnace, and All Is Well.

A rag peddler was slowly passing Mrs. Algernon Smith's house when that good woman hailed him.

"How much for old shoes?"

"Helluv a cent a pount for vool an cotton. I gan't puy ole shoes."

"But won't you give me something for them?"

"Any iron or pottles you vant to sell, lady? You vant to sell dose t'ings vat you haf on? Helluv a cent a pount. I gan no more gif. I vant not dose shoes, not for nottings. Nottings else?"

Mrs. Smith indignantly closed the window. When her husband came home at night, she said:

"Algernon, I want you to take a lot of old shoes I've done up in a package and throw them away."

"Why don't you give them to the washerwoman?" asked Mr. Smith.

"She won't have them—says they're not her kind of shoes," was the answer. "They are all either too large or too small, the heels are too high, and they are the wrong number. I offered them to a tramp, and he said when he went into the shoe business he would let me know—he wasn't buying misfits yet."

"I like his impudence. Where are they? I'll make short work of them," said Mr. Smith, and he took the big bundle his wife gave him and went out. In 15 minutes he was back.

"So you got rid of them," said his wife joyfully. "I think there was an accumulation of six years in that lot. Some of them I had given to people who were begging at the door, but I always found them again next day in the lot. Old shoes are like cats, if you send them away they always come back."

"The cat won't come back this time," said her husband. "I dumped them in a vacant lot and ran. After this when you buy a pair of new shoes leave your old ones at the store."

Next morning as Mrs. Smith was doing her housework the door bell rang.

"I guess maybe you've had a burglary," said the cheery voice of a man who stood on the steps and seemed in a hurry. "I found this bundle, with your name and address on it, when I was looking over my lot today."

Mrs. Smith took the bundle and feebly thanked him. When Algernon came home, she told him. He said there were more ways of killing a cat than of choking her with butter, and after supper he took up the bundle and went out.

He knew of a nice dark place down near a church where he could slide in and drop that load of shoes without being seen. He had taken the precaution to tear off the address and had changed the shape of the bundle. As he deposited it in the archway of this dark corner a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder.

"No, you don't. No abandonment of the little innocent when you get tired of your own flesh and blood. Pick up the poor thing now or I'll club ye."

It was the new policeman on that beat, and he didn't know Mr. Smith. He listened to his explanation with a most aggressive and unbelieving air.

"Lemme see the kid," he demanded, and when the "kid" proved to be kid shoes he grew still angrier.

"I've a mind to run ye in for disturbing the peace and resisting an officer," he said, but finally permitted Smith to take his bundle and go home.

The next night a smudge came out of the Smiths' chimney, and the neighbors held their noses. About midnight a loud rapping was heard at the front door, and a light in the basement was hastily extinguished. Mr. Smith answered the summons, while Mrs. Smith hid in the coal cellar. A patrol wagon full of policemen was at the door. One of them was on the steps.

"Are you running a glue factory here without a license?" he demanded of Smith.

"Then what is that infernal odor? Your neighbors have telephoned that you were making yourself a nuisance and want you abated."

Smith took the crowd in and told his story—how they had put those shoes in the garbage box and had them turned out again and how they had tried to sell them or give them away and finally to lose them. Then he showed the police to the basement and opened the door of the furnace, where the shoes were being cremated. Then he produced some bottles with long necks that were sent for his birthday, and for half an hour he was busy pulling corks. After some time he released Mrs. Smith from the coal cellar.

"Are they gone?" she gasped.

"The police?"

"No, no; the shoes."

"Every scrap reduced to ashes."

They embraced, and happiness reigned in the Smith household.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Two Cities.

The following announcement is posted in the Boston street cars: "The board of health hereby adjudges that the deposit of 'sputum' in street cars is a public nuisance, a source of filth and cause of sickness, and hereby orders that spitting on the floor of any street car be and hereby is prohibited." The following sign appears in the street cars of New York city: "Spitting on the floor of this car is positively prohibited." Gotham and the Hub have different ways of arriving at the same statement.—Electrical Review.

The best theaters in Australia are usually built on English plans, but are managed more like American playhouses. The prices charged are much less than those cheerfully paid in England. Dress circle seats or "stalls," which bring $2.50 in London, will not sell for more than $1.25 in Melbourne or Sydney.

DISMISSING A WEAKLING.

The Poor Fool Could Not See That He Had Her Won.

Reginald Hanscomb stopped in the hall and nervously fumbled at the rim of his hat, meanwhile gazing into Pocahontas Poindexter's eyes with a fondness that the beautiful girl could not mistake.

He opened his lips as if about to speak, but the words that he sought to utter would not come, and the fair maiden gave a low, sweet sigh that was calculated to fill his heart with blowholes.

Yet he stood there, and she stood in front of him, looking and longing and wondering why he hesitated.

Once she was almost tempted to take him back into the parlor and tell him that it was all right; that she knew how he felt about it, and that she would just take it for granted without the usual formality. But her maiden modesty rose in rebellion, and she said to herself:

"No. If he is too timid, too cowardly, to say the words, it will perhaps be better for us both if we take diverging ways."

Then, speaking aloud, she said:

"Well, good night, Mr. Hanscomb, if you must be going."

"Well, good night," he said. "I guess I must be going."

"Well, good night," she said again, holding the door open for him.

"Well, good night," he said, passing out through the vestibule.

She shut the door with a bang and sat down upon the stairway and buried her face in her hands and sobbed.

But half a minute later she heard him returning. Her heart gave a glad leap, and she rushed to the door to admit him.

He stood looking down into her sweet, expectant face for a moment after the door had swung back, and then, clearing his throat, he said:

"Some pesky kid punctured my tire while I was inside. I wonder if I could borrow your mending outfit for about two minutes?"

"No," she replied. "My repairing outfit is up in the attic, and I can't find it tonight. Walk home. It'll do you good."

Then she slammed the door in his face, and he tried to think—poor fool—as he wended his way homeward, what he had done to offend her.—Cleveland Leader.

LITTLE MONEY IN MEAT.

How Restaurant Proprietors Suffer From the Make Up of Menu Cards.

"If all restaurant proprietors," said one of them, who has been well known as the owner of a Broadway eating place for the last ten years, "could only induce their customers to eat less meat they not only would make more money, but they would give better satisfaction all round. In the first place, there is little or no money for the restaurant keeper in selling boiled or roast meats. It costs too much to handle them and requires too much time to prepare them and serve them as they should be to leave any profit for the man who does it.

"And in the second place the patrons order meats when they would much prefer something else. That is the fault of the proprietor. He arranges his menu wrong. The small steaks, the chops and the cutlets and all the other meats 'to order' are placed too conspicuously on the bill of fare. A man's eye is bound to catch that list first, whether the man wants meat or not. Being in a hurry, as 99 men out of 100 are in the country, he orders the first attractive dish he finds, and the result is he gets something he does not care particularly about and something which the restaurant man does not care particularly about selling to him.

"Last winter the man who runs the restaurant in the national house of representatives tried an experiment which turned out remarkably well. He deliberately set to work to lure his patrons away from the 'steaks and chops to order' column, and so instead of printing it in bold black letters in the middle of the bill of fare he tucked it away down in the lower right hand corner and placed at the top of the card a list of the dishes that were most profitable to him. They proved not only to be most profitable to him, but most satisfactory to his customers, and instead of using six loins of meat a day, as he had done before, he used only one and a half and supplied the same number of guests."—New York Press.

Powdered Crab as a Medicine.

A Russian journal that has recently come under our notice calls attention to the fact that for some 20 years past the inhabitants of a malarial locality in the government of Kharkov have used powdered crabs with great success in the case of fevers. The powder is prepared in the following way: Live crabs are poured over with the ordinary whisky until they get asleep. They are then put on a bread pan in a hot oven, thoroughly dried and pulverized and the powder passed through a fine sieve. One dose, a teaspoonful, is generally sufficient to cure the intermittent fever. In very obstinate cases a second dose is required. Each dose is invariably preceded by a glass of aloe brandy as a purgative. The powder is used in that locality in preference to quinine. So says the journal. We will not vouch for it.—New York Ledger.

Early Associations.

"Did you ever notice the queer, rotary gesture Mr. Chilkoot always makes when his wife rings for the butler?"

"Yes. You see, he used to be a motorman before he went to the Klondike."—Chicago Journal.

A Sign of Cultivation.

"Somebody must be cultivating the widow."

"Yes?"

"Anyway, her weeds have disappeared."—London Answers.

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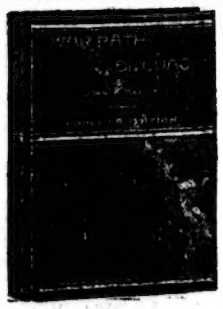

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Miss Pinkerly—Are you interested in charity, Mr. Tutter?

Tutter (who knows that she is and suspects a possible donation)—Well, Miss Clara, that depends. Some forms of charity are excellent. Others are misdirected.

Miss Pinkerly—Yes, I suppose that's so. You know we are going to give a little entertainment at the church.

Tutter—Oh, yes. Something for the heathen, I suppose. Do you know, Miss Clara, I haven't much faith in that sort of thing. Now, if it were nearer home.

Miss Pinkerly—But it is nearer home. It's just for the poor children of the neighborhood.

Tutter (seeing no escape)—Well, that's better. I approve of that. Of course I'll take a ticket. Awfully glad.

Miss Pinkerly—Oh, that is so kind of you.

Tutter—Not at all. Tell me, what sort of an entertainment is it going to be?

Miss Pinkerly—Oh, just a simple little affair. We thought it best, you know, to have everything as simple as possible. There will be refreshments, of course, but they will all be donated, and then we propose to have some sort of amateur play—possibly a charade.

Tutter—Oh, I see. Well, it's a worthy object. I believe in that sort of thing. Have you sold many tickets?

Miss Pinkerly—Not so many as I hoped to. Still there is some time yet.

Tutter—Put me down for two tickets.

Miss Pinkerly—Now, Mr. Tutter, you are really too generous. You must consider your own pocketbook a little.

Tutter—Don't say a word. A simple, inexpensive little entertainment like this, with such a worthy object in view, ought to be encouraged. By Jove, the more I think of it the better I like the idea. Charity begins at home. It's a good thing, Miss Clara. I'm not satisfied. Let me have four tickets. No, make it a half dozen.

Miss Pinkerly—Now, Mr. Tupper, really—

Tutter—Don't say another word. I insist upon it. Where are the tickets? Have you got them here? I'll take them at once.

Miss Pinkerly—Oh, yes! Here they are.

Tutter—Good! Now, how much did you say they were apiece?

Miss Pinkerly—Only $5, Mr. Tutter!—Harper's Bazar.

Evolution of the Educational Ideal.

Let us place ourselves apart from the tumult which rages on both sides, and, closing our ears, question ourselves whether a new educational ideal may be evolved from this strife of contending factions and what the general character of this ideal would be. If we assume that the three features which I have mentioned may be combined, we should have a popular, realistic, individualistic ideal of education—popular, not exclusive or aristocratic in the narrower sense of the word; national, not foreign or international, but rather the result of an evolution from the national life itself; realistic, characterized by strength and action and not by mere thought and æsthetic sentiment; individualistic—i. e., aiming at the development of the individual and not at the establishment of dull uniformity; not democratic, therefore, if this word imply a general reduction to a dead level, but rather aristocratic, in the sense of an individual, not a class, aristocracy.

It would be presumptuous at the present day to state what the concrete form of such an educational ideal would be. I wish to say, however, that the society corresponding to the above ideal would be that of an aristocracy of mind. Is this the type toward which we are tending? Is the aristocracy of birth and wealth to be supplanted by the aristocracy of personal worth and merit? This has been the philosopher's dream from the day of Plato's "Republic" to the present hour. It is the tendency of nature. It would be the aristocracy of nature to have every individual stand independently upon his own personal merit and not upon the achievements of his father.—Professor Paulsen in Forum.

Shot at Two Stars.

Bob Cunningham and two companions went coon hunting near Pulaski. Coons can be found only at night, and they are usually seen near a cornfield. The trio, with their dogs, had wandered about half the night, when Bob suddenly pulled up with "Hist! I see a big one." He became afflicted with a touch of the buck fever and danced about in a strange and weird manner. "Do you see his eyes?" he asked. "I'm going to shoot."

The gun went off and Bob said, with many an adjective, "I've missed him." He loaded up again and blazed away, and still he declared he saw the eyes. None of the other parties could see the first symptom of eyes, neither could they hear Mr. Coon rustling among the trees. Bob declared that he could, and he shot once more, but the "eyes" were still there.

He is a pretty good shot, and firing three times at so large an animal as a coon made him think, so he walked over to the tree where he saw the coon and took a good look, and then discovered that he had been shooting at two stars that were peeping from between the limbs of the tree.—New Castle Courant-Guardian.

Beating Janus' Best Record.

"No, sir," said the rural voter, "I wouldn't trust that politician under no circumstances."

"Why not?"

"Ye've heard about how ye orter beware of a two faced man?"

"Yes."

"Well, after seein all the different picters of him in the newspapers, I've come to the conclusion that he's a 17 faced man at the lowest calc'lation."—Washington Star.

Walnuts are supposed by some folks to cure rheumatism and toothache and for this purpose, they say, should be carried in the pocket.

If some people would laugh more, their doctors' bills would be less.

HER SOUL UNBURDENED.

A Young Bride's Confession In the Waning of the Honeymoon.

Charley Wheeler and Lucille Sprockett had been married nearly three weeks, and they had just returned from their wedding trip. They were supremely happy in each other's love, and the honeymoon so far had been to them as one long, blissful dream. Within the next day or two, however, the bride grew slightly depressed in spirits, and an uneasy feeling seemed to take possession of her. The young husband noticed the change, but attributed it to fatigue from the recent travels. But his bride grew more nervous and took on such a troubled expression that he said to her:

"You have something on your mind, darling, that is troubling you. Tell me what it is."

At first she tried to persuade him that he was mistaken, that nothing worried her.

"You are wrong, Charley, dear," she would say. "Really, I am not worrying over anything. I am just as happy as I can be."

The day following, however, the young wife wore such a troubled look that her husband said to her:

"Lucille, you must tell me what is troubling you. I will not be put off any longer. As your husband I have a right to know."

Seeing that further concealment was impossible, she broke down and sobbed bitterly:

"Oh, Charley, I am so unhappy!" she wailed. "I have—deceived—you."

A sickening sensation swept over the young husband. Surely there must be some mistake. She, whom he had looked upon as the personification of innocent womanhood—deceive him! It must not be. It would destroy his happiness and blight his life. And then, when he caught a sudden vision of the horrible possibilities of the situation, he became sick at heart and almost fell to the floor. Then, with a great effort, he controlled his feelings.

"Tell me," he said. "I am prepared for the worst."

"Oh, Charley, I am so sorry!"

"You should have thought of this before."

"I know, I know. I see my mistake, now it's too late," she cried. "Oh, why didn't I tell you before we were married?"

"Tell me now, and be quick about it. I cannot bear this suspense."

"Tell me first that you will forgive me," she said in pleading tones. "I will devote my whole life in atonement for this one mistake."

"I cannot promise until I know what it is," he said.

Then she came over and knelt at his feet.

"Oh, Charley, you know the wheel I got just a few weeks before we were married"—

"Yes; but what has that"—

"Why, I bought it—on the—installment plan—$4 a month—and have only paid—one installment. And I just know the collector will be—here tomorrow. Oh, Charley," she sobbed, "can you ever forgive me'?'—Ohio State Journal.

Brute Instinct.

Natural laws pertain to all things, and certain laws govern the conduct of brute society. But that the actions of the lower animals are ever prompted by a sense of duty is not only extremely hypothetical, but altogether doubtful. The hen has strong maternal affection, but that she has the least idea of the virtue of that affection any more than of the virtue of doing good for evil is in the extreme conjectural. It is often hard and even impossible to account for the likes and dislikes of animals. The hen will sometimes destroy certain of her brood and the sow devour her own offspring. Much of the cruelty is practiced upon the brutes for the lack of thought that they are not morally responsible. They are treated as if they are conscious of wickedly selfish acts. I once saw some men looking at a drowning mouse in a pail of water.' I rebuked them, and one of them—a man perhaps 40 years old—turned to me and said, "The mouse deserves it." Why deserved it? Pray tell us. Shall we say it was conscious of the sin of thieving? Others may try to view it in that way. I do not. I knew another man who would hold rats with a tongs and roast them alive in the fire. If he could not prove that they deserved their torture, he certainly wished to believe they did. If we recognize a Creator, is it not most rational to suppose that he has created the brutes morally irresponsible and would have us thus regard them, that our inclination to torture them would be held in restraint?—Forest and Stream.

Where a Man Must Speak Up.

"I had occasion the other day, for the first time," said a sober minded citizen, "to go up high in one of the modern tall buildings. I called on a man in the seventeenth story. It certainly was tremendous the way they hoisted us up that shaft, with a smooth start and easy stops and lightning between. But the most impressive thing about the trip was this: A man who got on where I did, at the ground floor, and who wanted to get off at the tenth floor, said 'Tenth,' as it seemed to me, the instant we started up, but the elevator man said: 'This is the twelfth. We'll stop going down.'

"If there is a place on earth where a man needs to speak up, it appears to be in the modern elevator car."—New York Sun.

London Architecture.

Not long ago an English architect was heard to make a curiously suggestive remark. Conversation had turned upon the manifold dangers to which we expose ourselves by traveling in railway carriages. "The great rule," said this architect, "is never to look out of the window until you are a good 80 miles from London. Otherwise you risk seeing the Crystal palace."

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Financial Secretary, Michael Larney, Archer and Western avs.
Treasurer, John Larney.
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Financial Secretary, Martin O'Mara, 145 Lytle st.
Treasurer, William Ryan.
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Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10808 Torrence av.
Financial Secretary, John Conlin.
Treasurer, C. Duffy.
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Financial Secretary, John Foley.
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Financial Sec'y, M. J. O'Shea, 401 Washington boulevard.
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Financial Secretary, Michael P. Breen, Fifty-fifth st.
Treasurer, Andrew Ledwidge.
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"Among the friends of Halleck who met him at the banquet was 'Bully' Waterman, the old sea captain, who in early days commanded a clipper ship plying between San Francisco and New York. On one voyage he had laid a big wager to beat a rival clipper, but when he found on going to sea that some of his crew who had shipped as ablebodied seamen were incompetent he was so mad he hanged three to the yard. Just how many were hanged was never known, but Waterman was tried for murder and acquitted.

"During one of those silences that will fall over the merriest of banquets General Halleck called to Waterman, who was at the other end of the room:

"'Now that you have been tried and acquitted, Waterman, won't you tell us how many men you hanged on that voyage?'

"'Yes, general, I will,' responded Waterman, 'if you will first tell us how many wooden guns stopped you at Corinth.'

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